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1832

# PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES

AT THE

## ANNIVERSARY

IN CELEBRATION

OF THE

Landing of William Penn,

BY THE

Historical Society of Pennsylvania,

AT PHILADELPHIA.

On the 8th of November, 1852.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE CELEBRATION, WITH ADDRESSES AT THE  
TABLE, AND LETTERS OF INVITED GUESTS.

INTRODUCTION.

The oration by Hon. Robert T. Conrad, was delivered on the 8th of November, 1852, at twelve o'clock, in the Sansom Street Hall, before a large audience. At six o'clock, the members of the Historical Society sat down to a dinner, at the United States Hotel; Thomas Biddle, Esq. presided, supported by George W. Norris, M. D., and John Cadwalader, Esq., as Vice-Presidents; the Rev. H. A. Boardman officiated as Chaplain. Over the President's chair was suspended the original painting by West, of Penn's Treaty with the Indians. This fine work of art was painted for the proprietor's family, and was never but twice before exhibited to the public; the first time, some thirty years ago, at an exhibition in London of the works of West, Reynolds and Lawrence, the three Presidents of the Royal Academy; and again, when Mr. Harrison had purchased it, he generously permitted Mr. Catlin to exhibit it in connection with his gallery of Indian portraits.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration, take this public manner of thanking Mr. Harrison for his courtesy in placing the picture at their disposal for the day, and have the pleasure of inserting the following note, which at once displays a most liberal spirit and pure patriotism.

433 Arch Street, December 8th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

I owe you an apology for not having sooner sent you the information I promised in regard to the picture of Penn's Treaty. In the spring of 1851, I saw this picture advertised in a London paper, to be sold at public auction with others from the collection at Stoke Park, the seat of the Penn family; I concluded to attend the sale, and if not above my notion of its value to secure the picture with the intention of having it come to Philadelphia, which of all other places is its home. I bid for it when it was put up, and went nearly twice as high as I had thought it would have sold for. It was knocked down, but not for me. After the sale I was curious to know who had obtained the picture, and upon inquiry found that it had not been sold, not having reached the limit fixed by its owner. I subsequently negotiated its purchase from Mr. Granville John Penn for £500, through a third party, (I having been obliged to leave London for a time.)

The above are all the facts connected with my purchase of this picture. I might say, that in buying it I was mainly filled with the desire as a Pennsylvanian and a Philadelphian, to rescue it for my native city, and thus prevent it from being hidden in some of the private galleries of England, as hundreds of the works of our distinguished countryman, West, are now lost to the world. Hoping the above will meet your wishes, I remain

Very respectfully

Your obedient servant,

To TOWNSEND WARD, Esq.

JOSEPH HARRISON.

## INVITED GUESTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

EDW. ARMSTRONG,	HON. ELLIS LEWIS,
HENRY C. BAIRD,	JOHN T. LEWIS,
J. D. BALD,	M. D. LEWIS,
HON. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, New York.	J. H. MARKLAND,
THOMAS BIDDLE,	HON. W. M. MEREDITH,
THOMAS BIDDLE, JR.,	JNO. C. MITCHELL,
REV. H. A. BOARDMAN,	THO. S. MITCHELL,
GEO. H. BOKER,	CHARLES M. MORRIS,
REV. THOMAS BRAINERD,	JOSEPH B. MYERS,
HON. SAMUEL BRECK,	JOHN McALLISTER, JR.,
JOHN A. BROWNE,	MORTON McMICHAEL,
HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, Wheatland.	J. ENGLE NEGUS,
F. N. BUCK,	GEO. W. NORRIS, M. D.
E. MORRIS BUCKLEY,	GEO. NORTHIROP,
GEN. GEO. CADWALADER,	GEN. R. PATTERSON,
JOHN CADWALADER,	HON. A. G. PENN, Louisiana.
JAMES H. CASTLE,	GRANVILLE J. PENN, England.
B. H. COATES, M. D.	JNO. PENINGTON,
J. HARVEY COCHRAN,	WILLIAM RAWLE,
HARRY CONRAD,	JOHN M. READ,
HON. R. T. CONRAD,	WILLIAM B. REED,
CALEB COPE,	REV. LEVIN T. REICHEL, Nazareth
MAJOR G. H. CROSMAN, U. S. A.	W. TH. ROEPPEL, Bethlehem.
WILLIAM DUANE,	HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT,
A. L. ELWYN, M. D.	RICHARD R. SELDENER, M. D.
J. L. FENIMORE,	HON. GEO. SHARSWOOD,
E. B. GARDETTE, M. D.	W. SHIPPEN, JR.,
HON. HENRY D. GILPIN,	SAMUEL L. SHOBER,
FRED. W. GRAYSON,	AUBREY H. SMITH,
JOSEPH HARRISON,	JNO. H. SWABY,
SAMUEL HAZARD,	HON. OSWALD THOMPSON,
SAMUEL HOOD,	GEORGE TUCKER,
HON. C. J. INGERSOLL,	J. R. TYSON,
EDWARD D. INGRAHAM,	R. T. REV. GEO. UPFOLD, Bp. of Indiana.
W. ARTHUR JACKSON,	RICHARD VAUX,
ALEXANDER JOHNSTON,	CHAS. M. WAGNER.
HORATIO G. JONES, JR.,	EWD. H. WARD,
JOHN JORDAN, JR.,	TOWNSEND WARD,
CHARLES S. KEYSER,	JOHN F. WATSON,
J. R. LAMBDIN,	THOMPSON WESTCOTT,
LYON JOSEPH LEVY,	T. I. WHARTON,

When the cloth was removed the President rose and proposed the following toast :

*The Eighth of November, 1682*—The day of the landing of the founders at Chester.

MR. WM. M. MEREDITH responded as follows :

The day is appropriate for recalling to our minds the memory of the founders of Pennsylvania, of that small band of “Friends” who, with Penn for their leader, ventured their future on an untried soil, and among fierce and uncivilized tribes. We find much in the career of these Fathers of the Commonwealth of which we may be justly proud.

Their POSITION at home was that of men of good substance and habits, and kindly affectioned. Persecution had produced the rare effect of teaching them not to persecute others. They were not decayed tradesmen or idle vagabonds, but generally persons well to do in their worldly affairs, who set forth upon a considerate plan of benefit to themselves, and by their example, to all mankind—the plan of founding a State in which all of English civil liberty, and more than all of English political and religious liberty, should be established forever.

The MEANS which they employed were in accordance with the character of the men. They planted their foot on no soil without acquiring a title by the consent of its owners; they were never squatters or intruders, nor was it their practice to seize without right whatever they felt strong enough to hold against right. They took up no goods on trust for which they never paid. They left no borrowed money to swell the insolvent schedules of doomsday. In their exodus they spoiled no Egyptians. Their hopes and thoughts were on eternity, but their credit was always redeemed in time. They used no violence, nor prepared any defence against violence; the doctrines of their peculiar sectarianism forbade both. They went among the savages with the same confidence that supported Daniel in the den of lions, the three children of Israel in the fiery furnace, and the Christian virgin among the wild beasts of the amphitheatre—and they came forth as unharmed. They never took the style of saints, nor earned the title of sinners.

For their EXPS, we desire they may be judged not by preliminary professions or postliminary panegyries, but by their acts themselves. For political liberty they did all that circumstances would allow. Republican in feeling from the beginning, they became year by year more republican in practice. They did in fact, and promptly, establish civil liberty as large as was consistent with public safety—so large, that it has scarce been found practicable in modern times to extend it. Their early statutes evince profound thought and liberal intellects. They are models of wise statesmanship, as well as of clear, terse and undefiled English. The founders of this Commonwealth understood the true basis of legislation to be the uses and customs of the people. They sought to restore to their simplicity the well-fitting and easy garments in which Anglo-Saxon liberty had been clothed, and it is marvellous the skill with which these “*drab coated men*” (as they were sneeringly styled by an Englishman with a shovel hat)\* stripped off the technicalities and tinsel which centuries had accumulated—and stripped them off, too, without injuring the texture or even marring the face of the cloth. For religious liberty, they established the largest that was then dreamed of. From the very beginning, all might be citizens who acknowledged a God, and all might hold office who believed in our Saviour. At the time this was practically an unbounded freedom of conscience. It was not toleration, it was liberty.

These, then, were their ACTS—these, therefore, were, in truth, their ENDS.

Of the qualities of these men we may say that they were proportionate to their position, means, and ends. On the surface, indeed, lay peculiarities—eccentricities, if you will—of language and deportment—easy to be ridiculed;—within, lived virtues and piety—hard to be imitated. That they were wise, liberal-minded, just, is shown by their works;—their prudence is proved by their success, and their firmness and persistence, by all their history. In

\* The Rev. Sidney Smith.

these qualities they may have been more or less nearly equalled, but their COURAGE was such as we believe no other people have exhibited. We find rare individual instances more or less resembling it. Fortitude is the ability to bear ills; courage, the readiness to meet them. Of any two men, he displays the greater courage who seeks the more imminent danger, upon the less stimulating motive. The man who, armed in proof, faces a spear-thrust in defence of his country, shows less courage than he who exposes his naked bosom to the steel in pursuing a scheme of philanthropy. When we read of the few Roman Senators who seated in their curule chairs, calmly awaited their massacre by the Gauls, we feel that they therein eclipsed all the heroism of the Roman armies. There is still, I think, a savage people somewhere in the East, to whose instruction missionary after missionary is ready to devote himself, though each is morally certain that, as soon as he shall have been fattened after his voyage, he will be roasted and eaten by his own catechumens—devoured by his own flock—yet an individual is never wanting to feed those sheep.

The Quakers of Pennsylvania afford the spectacle of a whole body of men—founding a State in the wilderness—seeking and facing the imminent dangers of the tomahawk and scalping-knife—of tortures and death—without arms offensive or defensive. The Roman Senators, in like manner, met equal perils, under the overruling motive of patriotism. The Christian missionary does likewise, under the powerful stimulus of religious enthusiasm. The Quakers alone did the same; touched by no spur of patriotism—for they had then no ties of country here—urged by no goad of religious enthusiasm—for they were not then enthusiasts—but guided simply by the reasonable fear of God, and love to all mankind. How much this courage was superior to the mere courage of arms, is shown by the ease with which the Quakers, whenever they have descended into the military arena, having attained military distinction. I shall not pause long on the Free Quakers—commonly called Fighting Quakers—who furnished gallant field and company officers in the Revolutionary war, and who (excluded from the regular body of Friends) formed a sect of their own. The men died game, and the sect died game. I think that, some years ago, it had dwindled to one man. Now almost any other sect, so reduced, would have either sought proselytes, or given up its own observances. But this last man did neither. On every First day morning, this unaccompanied remnant sat under the old accustomed roof-tree of the meeting-house at Fifth and Mulberry, and spent his two hours of solitary peace, in contemplative meditation on his pugnacious predecessors, and in solemn communion with his own heart. I tell you that, when he hears the last trumpet, that "Friend" will stand to his arms. But, without dwelling on these, I will merely name Gen. Greene, of the war of Independence, and Gen. Brown, of the war of 1812—the one, second only to him to whom it was more honor to be second than to be first elsewhere—the other, among the first of those to whom it would have been no dishonor to be second any where—the one, a Quaker blacksmith of Rhode Island—the other, a Quaker schoolmaster of Bucks county, in this State.

These, then, were the qualities of the founders of our Commonwealth—piety, wisdom, justice, industry, courage, modesty. If you will have us search, these are the gems that we find among our *primordia rerum*: these are the jewels that adorned the Fathers of our State. We show them, but without boasting—nor yet are we ashamed of them. They need no artistic cutting to hide flaws; we set them in no fairy ring of romance to obtain a factitious brilliancy. Here they are, just as we find them—rough, but real—and we stand upon these. If any think they can do better, let them show their hand. If we have been often silent while others spoke loud, it is that we court no rivalry; if quiet when they were excited, it is only that we fear none. If we have never turned aside even to answer the vile abuse, which on the calumnious charge of dishonesty was vented against Pennsylvania by foreign dignitaries, domestic rivals, and a polluted press, it is because we know that from the breast-plate welded of truth and integrity, the shafts of slander glance harmlessly, and that no indefinite number of toads, by squeezing out their

drops of loathsome exudation, can extinguish the sun, or dim the lustre of any fraction of humanity that is vivid with a spark of the celestial fire.

Such, then, were the deservings of our predecessors; such was the course in which they moved. Let every man follow them according to his gifts. Perhaps none may keep their pace, but all will be strengthened by the effort to do so.

They had one habit which I scarce like to mention just now; but the muster-roll of their merits ought to be complete, and it is especially recorded that they never preached over their liquor.

The second toast was:

*The memory of Penn*, which comes down to us sanctified by gentle deeds. We rejoice in the privilege of doing honor to the founder, in the person of his esteemed descendant.

This sentiment was received with much enthusiasm, and was replied to by MR. GRANVILLE JOHN PENN, who acknowledged, in suitable terms, the honor paid to the memory of his ancestor, which he said he was gratified to feel was recalled not merely as a portion of history, or antiquity, but as an object of affectionate regard and veneration. He concluded by remarking that the best testimony which Pennsylvania can give of her respect for the principles of her founder, must ever be the devotion she manifests to the cause of peace, and the fraternal union which connects her with her sister Commonwealths in the National Confederacy.

The third toast was:

*Pennsylvania*, whose mountains are mines, and whose valleys are gardens; whose heart is gold, and whose sinews are iron.

GOVERNOR BIGLER, who had been expected to reply to this, was prevented from being present, but sent the following letter, which was read by John Cadwalader, Esq.:

*Harrisburg, Nov. 6th, 1852.*

Dear Sir,—I have been honored by the receipt of your favor of yesterday, inviting me to attend a "celebration of the 170th anniversary of the landing of William Penn," to be given by the "Historical Society of Pennsylvania," at Sansom street Hall, on Monday next, and am compelled to say, in reply, that my official duties at this place will deprive me of the great pleasure I should take in being present on that interesting occasion.

I sincerely regret the existence of the circumstances which will prevent my attendance, not only on account of the peculiarly interesting character of the event to be commemorated, but because I am ever anxious to embrace every proper opportunity of giving the sanction of my official and personal influence to promote the literary and scientific advancement of the people. In your venerable, learned and honorable association, I recognize a body pre-eminent in this good work. While this great Commonwealth (the landing of whose founder you meet to commemorate,) has been blessed by Providence with almost boundless resources in the fertility of her soil—the abundance, richness and variety of her mineral deposits—yet these would remain as comparatively valueless as when they were trodden over by the untutored savage, if it were not for our institutions of learning, that develop the mind and cultivate the moral faculties of man; and thus enabling him to conceive plans and adjust details to bring forth these vast treasures and reduce them to practical use.

It is now the pride of Pennsylvania that she has made the diffusion of knowledge, by her Common School system, part of the machinery of her government, recognizing thereby the importance of the intelligence of the citizen to the proper support and perpetuity of her institutions. Whilst she thus sows the seeds of knowledge amongst the youth of the land, their further and higher cultivation must be greatly forwarded by the genial influences, the refined taste, noble aims and philanthropic efforts of associations such as that you represent.

An Historical Society, presenting a full record of the past, teaching those

of the present generation wisdom by an exhibition of the errors committed and the truths discovered by those who have preceded us, stimulating us to worthy aims, and constraining us, by the force of experience, to embrace the right, on all moral, political and scientific subjects, is a most valuable auxiliary to a good government, and should ever have her countenance and liberal support. Whether destiny carves out for us a prominent part in the administration of government, or consigns us to the plough or loom, in these, as in every other pursuit of this life, mind—cultivated mind—is indispensable to success and happiness.

Let me congratulate your learned association that the knowledge of these truths, and a relish for scientific and literary learning, is being rapidly diffused among the descendants of Penn. Prominent amongst the institutions that are contributing towards the promotion of this desirable end, is the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

With many thanks for your kind consideration,

I remain, dear sir, your ob't servant,

W.M. BIGLER.

Mr. TOWNSEND WARD, Librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

The fourth toast was—

*The Three Lower Counties.* In the ooden time united to us by ties that made us one; may we in fraternal affection and in that maternal bond which secures one Constitution and one destiny, never be twain.

In reply to this sentiment, Dr. B. H. COATES said:—

He had been requested to respond to this toast in the absence of one who had the double superiority of not only being far better qualified to perform such a task, but, in addition, of being a native, not of Pennsylvania, but of one of the “three lower counties thereunto annexed”—the earliest instance of annexation with which the speaker was acquainted in American history.

In addressing such an assemblage, containing so many gentlemen of high character and commanding intellect, so many, indeed, who have served their country in conspicuous stations, he might well feel much hesitation. He should encourage himself with their good nature, and, in some degree, with the recollection of auld lang syne. He believed himself very certain that he owed the compliment of this request to the fact of his having had the high honor to be one of the foundation members of the Society; an advantage which he shared, he believed, with only one of the gentlemen now present, Mr. Thomas J. Wharton. The contrast, indeed, between the first meeting, in a half furnished room over Laval's book store, and such a meeting as this, or as that at the oration this morning, was indeed encouraging. He should feel, too, recreant to the high character for military courage ascribed sportively by Mr. Meredith, in his recent remarks, to the Quakers, of whom Dr. C. was one, should he delay to comply.

And surely there was no difficulty in assigning abundant evidence of the greatness and glory of the Swedes and Dutch, the colonists of the three lower counties. It had been truly said that, when our ancestry arrived here, they did not find the country a desert, but inhabited by men like themselves—by Christian men—imbued with the arts, and sensible of the duties of civilization. As military glory was in fashion now, he would say that certainly there was as wonderful a claim to military fame for the Swedes and Dutch as for any other people in the world. Two little nations, they achieved the most extraordinary exploits. One Swedish king, in a single campaign, conquered three monarchs, and dictated peace. And, at an earlier period, a Swedish king, with a small force, put an end to the thirty years' war, broke the power of Austria, and defeated the utmost efforts of Tilly and Wallenstein.

The little republic of Holland, with only two millions of inhabitants, successfully defied and permanently weakened the power of Spain, and that at a time when it was truly said that “the sun never set upon her dominions;” built the largest commercial city in the world; founded empires in remote parts of the

globe; and only yielded, at last, in a desperate struggle, to the superior numbers of England.

But it was not for this that the strongest claim was made for a grateful memory of the Swedes and Dutch. It was because they were the friends of religious and civil liberty; because they put an end to persecution for religion; because they patronised commerce; and because they founded institutions of learning, which were the glory of the world. Sweden gained imperishable renown for her Upsala and her Linnaeus. Holland founded those Universities which gave the impulse to the Universities of Germany, now the great lights of civilized mankind. It was conceded that the celebrity of Leyden, Utrecht, and other Dutch Universities, was the cause of the great reforms and brilliant career of the institutions of Germany. Holland, too, was famous, little as she was, and in defiance of the most powerful kings, for protecting political exiles. But the speaker said he was well aware that he was detaining the company from those whom they were much more anxious to bear, and he should hasten to a close and cease to occupy their time.

The fifth toast was :

*State Pride, State Fidelity, State Fraternity.*

"To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

MR. JAMES BUCHANAN spoke to this sentiment as follows :—

I am a Pennsylvanian, in heart and soul; and whatever can advance the interest or promote the glory of my good old native State, God bless her! shall ever find in me a devoted advocate. I am proud of my State; and State pride springs from that commendable and natural feeling—that love of our native land which Heaven, for the wisest purposes, has implanted in the human breast:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

The citizens of Pennsylvania ought, in my opinion, to cherish this sentiment of State pride more than they have ever done heretofore. We have never properly appreciated ourselves. This noble sentiment, however, should never degenerate into harsh, jealous, or unfriendly feelings towards our sister States. Far, very far from it. But it ought to impel us to a generous rivalry with them for the palm of excellence in every thing which can advance our physical prosperity—in every thing which can elevate, enlighten and adorn the human character.

Under our complicated but unrivaled form of government, State pride has become the truest patriotism towards the whole Union. It is eminently conservative of our Federal Republican Government. What we have most to dread is the centralization of unconstitutional political powers in the Federal Government; and the indulgence of a well regulated State pride, throughout the confederacy, will always preserve us from this abyss. As our territory extends,—as we rapidly advance in power and wealth,—as the patronage and expenditures of the Federal Government increase, the natural tendency becomes greater and greater to accumulate power at the centre of our system.

But whilst thirty-one State sovereignties, proud of their power and jealous of their rights, shall continue to resist all encroachments from the General Government, they will ever preserve the just balance between Federal and State authority. So long as this balance shall be held with a steady hand, neither the Constitution nor the Union will ever be in danger. But let the pride and the power of the State sovereignties pass away—let them be reduced to mere provincial corporations, dependent upon the Federal government, and

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then the centralization of all powers at Washington, in fact, if not in form, will inevitably follow; and thus the animating life and soul of our institutions will have fled forever.

What but centralization at Paris has rendered abortive every attempt, for the last sixty years, to maintain free republican institutions in France? Had she converted her ancient provinces into sovereign States, with State governments, such as we enjoy, and established a Federal Republic, a coup d'état at the Capitol could never have destroyed her successive free Constitutions. Liberty would then have taken refuge under the wing of the State governments, and would have been protected by their power until the storm had passed away. Paris would then no longer have been France. Under our system, at the present moment, nothing could be so supremely ridiculous as an attempt to make a coup d'état at Washington.

State pride ought ever to cherish the Senate of the United States, as the selected protector under the Federal Constitution of State sovereignty. This is a body far more important, powerful, and august than was ever the celebrated Amphictyonic Council of Greece. Among our sister States, and throughout the world, the intellectual and moral character of each State in the Union is, and must be, to a great degree, estimated by the standard of the Senators whom she has selected to represent her sovereignty. I have often observed with what intense feelings of pride the citizens of Kentucky have in the Senate Chamber pointed to their Clay—the citizens of Massachusetts to their Webster—the citizens of South Carolina to their Calhoun, and the citizens of New York to their Wright. Alas! these intellectual giants, like all things human, have passed away.

There is no State in the Union which can more justly indulge in feelings of State pride than Pennsylvania. Our enlightened, persevering and truly Christian founder, immediately after he had obtained the Royal charter, declared, in the spirit of prophetic enthusiasm: "God will bless and make it the seed of a nation. I shall have a tender care of the Government, that it be well laid at first." And truly God has blessed it, and the seed which William Penn sowed has borne the richest fruit. We have already become a powerful and prosperous nation, and united with thirty other confederate States, we have formed a Federal Republic which is the admiration of the world and the Star of promise in the West to millions of down-trodden men throughout the old world who are panting for the liberties which we enjoy. Besides, Pennsylvania is truly the Keystone of the Federal Arch; and our character and position peculiarly qualify us to become the mediator between opposing extremes. Placed in the centre, between the North and the South, with a population distinguished for patriotism, steady good sense, and a devoted attachment to the Constitution and the Union, we stand as the daysman between the extremes, and can declare with a potential voice to both, "hitherto shalt thou go, but no further." It was from the Legislature of this great and glorious old Commonwealth that the first ray of light emanated to dispel the deep gloom in which the slavery question had involved our country.

The heaven-born principle of religious liberty with which our founder was inspired has been always carried into practice in Pennsylvania. From the beginning, every man has enjoyed the natural right of worshipping his God according to the dictates of his own conscience. No bigot or despot has ever been suffered impiously to assume the attributes of Deity, and to interpose and prescribe the form in which man shall worship his Creator.

Although there are events in our history which we may have cause to regret, yet, taken as a whole, the State has always been well and wisely governed. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a rule dictated by divine authority. Judging according to this standard, where shall we find a people on the face of the earth—where has there ever existed a people more prosperous and more happy than are the people of Pennsylvania at the present moment? Agriculture, manufactures and commerce are all in a flourishing condition. Labor every where finds profitable employment. Every where a fair day's work commands

a fair day's wages. We have no poor amongst us, except the victims of idleness or misfortune; and to relieve the unfortunate, we have a greater number of benevolent institutions than any of our sister States. The teeming bowels of our soil have been explored by the hand of enterprise and industry, and our vast mineral treasures are carried to our own markets and those of the world over the railroads and canals which have been constructed in all directions by the wealth and public spirit of our fellow-citizens. Nor have we confined ourselves merely to the development of our physical resources. Every child born in the Commonwealth enjoys the same right to a good common school education that he does to breathe the vital air; and every where temples arise for the worship of the Most High, erected by the voluntary contributions of a Christian people.

Why should we not, then, in the language of your toast, cherish "State pride, State fidelity, and State fraternity?" In politics, from the very nature of man, and of our institutions, we must necessarily differ; but throughout all the vast range of subjects on which we have a common feeling, and common interest for our good old State, why should we not cordially fraternize? The city of Philadelphia and the interior of the State are bound together by the strongest bonds of mutual interest. In this respect they are inseparable. The one is essential to the prosperity of the other. Let this not be the harsh bond of mere cold and calculating interest, but let it be the happy union of mutual kindness and affection.

It cannot be denied, though it is to be deplored, that mutual jealousies, to some extent, have hitherto existed between the city and the country. These would pass away like the mists of the morning before the rising sun, if the people of both knew each other better. The citizens of Philadelphia do not generally visit the interior of their own State as much as we from the country ardently desire, or as often as the citizens of New York and Baltimore visit the interior of their respective States. Come more frequently amongst us, and you will find that for cordial, genuine, heartfelt hospitality—for magnificent, grand and sublime scenery, Pennsylvania is not inferior to any State throughout the Union.

Like quarrels between man and wife, there have been, doubtless, faults on both sides. Let us forget and forgive what may have been wrong in the past of either, and determine that hereafter the bonds of mutual affection shall be much stronger than those cemented alone by avarice and interest. For my own part, so far as I may possess any influence, I shall use my best exertion to bring about this consummation, so devoutly to be wished.

"State pride, State fidelity, and State fraternity," now and forever!

The sixth toast was—

*Washington, and the Soldiers of the Revolution.*

Mr. WILLIAM B. REED, said—

Mr. President:—I esteem it a very high honor to be called to answer this toast. At the same time, it is not easy to do it—for "Washington and the Soldiers of the Revolution" is a subject so completely overlaid by common places that it is hard to say any thing new or interesting about it. But it has occurred to me that this company of Pennsylvanians and Jerseymen—for some of us Pennsylvanians are, by descent at least, half Jerseymen—may be glad to recall what Washington and his fellow soldiers did for us and amongst us in their honored day and generation. I undertake to say that, within fifty miles of the spot where I now stand, there are more battle fields of the Revolution than in half the confederacy besides. But this is not what I meant to say. I meant to speak of Washington and his relations to our soil. I have not time to trace them all. I wish I had. There is a distant corner of our State, through whose valleys and hills Washington's steps may be traced when, a young, and relatively an obscure man, he served his apprenticeship of war and peril. It was in that part of Pennsylvania, watered by streams which swell the Ohio, that Washington learned to be a soldier. It was in Penn-

sylvania—in Philadelphia—as we all know, he became commander in-chief. It was in our old State House yard (I wish it had never had any other name,) that John Adams first mentioned Washington's name for this high trust—and it was from Philadelphia, and surrounded by Philadelphia friends, he went to assume the awful burthen of his trust—the greatest, in its responsibilities and its results, that any modern hero ever undertook. He never returned to Philadelphia till two years afterwards, when, at the head of the American army, he marched to meet the enemy at Brandywine. It was a burning August day when what was called our army, hurried through these streets. We have an eye-witness's account of its appearance. Lafayette had just arrived, fresh from the review of the French guards at Versailles, where there was a full share of the pageantry of war, and he has told us what he thought of the hunting-shirts, and the half-naked men, and the green boughs stuck in their hats and guns; but he has told us, too, that at the head of the ragged, motley band, was one whose every look, and act, and figure, was the incarnation of all that poetry and romance give to their heroes. No marshal of France looked the knight of chivalry better than Washington. I have not time to speak of the rout at Brandywine, or the sorrows of Valley Forge. When I hear other states and cities tell of their classic spots—when, with no jealousy, I see the proud monument reared aloft which tells of one of New England's two battles—when year after year our New York brethren celebrate, with great complacency, the heroic day when, unmolested and of their own accord, after a quiet possession of six years, the British evacuated their city, and then, sir, I look round me in Philadelphia—within this historic circle, and see our battle fields—Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Paoli, Barrenhill, Germantown, Red Bank and Monmouth—for they are all in our neighborhood, and think of the neglected graves (I have seen them) of the gallant men who perished fighting for *our* homes, I feel it is something to be a Philadelphian and a Pennsylvanian yet. Washington and the soldiers of the Revolution belong more to us than to any others. Washington came twice again to us as the leader of his soldiers, on his way to Yorktown and his way back. He came again on his way to Annapolis to resign his commission—and Philadelphia welcomed him and honored him. He says in his Diary, when he arrived, the bells were chimed. Yes, Christ Church bells, the ancient voices of our city's heart, never spoke a heartier or worthier welcome than they did to Washington, for he seemed to belong to us.

Mr. President: One other word and I have done. Washington no longer belongs to us alone. His fame has outgrown the limits of our country. It is part of history—part of the glory of mankind. His letters have been translated into German and French. The most eloquent character yet written of him is from a British pen, published within the last year—from the pen of him who rumor says has been selected as the literary executor of the Duke of Wellington, (Lord Mahon.) And it was my good fortune (I hope I may be excused for referring to it,) within the last three months, in the historical home of that writer's ancestors, within walls hung with the portraits and arms of America's friends in her hour of need—the Stanhopes and Chathams—walking in paths laid out by hands (to use his own words,) which “scorned to sign the peace of Paris,”\* it was my fortune there to talk of Washington—his times, his friends, his bright career. We talked of him as part of the common glory of mankind—as part of the glory of the English language—and the Englishman's praise, the praise of the scholar and the gentleman, was as hearty and unreserved as mine.

Now, Mr. President, this sentiment—this romantic sentiment about our forefathers of the Revolution is a thing we ought to encourage and stimulate. It may suit some people to ridicule it; but if, under the baleful influence of ridicule, it dies away—if nothing is to be thought of but the bright and glow-

\* Chevening in Kent, the seat of Earl Stanhope, whence on 18th October, 1769, Lord Chatham wrote, “I carry my ambition to be remembered at Chevening, so far that I wish it may be said hereafter, if ever this plan for a road goes into execution, he who made this way did not sign the peace of Paris.”

ing future—if visions of glory to come make all that is behind us look dim and gloomy—if young America, unlike the Spartans of old, refuses honor and welcome to the man of ancient days, and his bright example, then Mr. President, we may be sure that one element of heroic character is gone forever. I am proud to believe, when I look around me and hear what I have heard to-day, the spirit of loyalty to our history burns as brightly and purely as ever.

The seventh toast was—

*The Treaty under the Elm*; in which wisdom dealt with simplicity, yet did not deceive: and power gave terms to weakness, yet did not oppress.

On this sentiment being given by the President, Mr. HENRY D. GILPIN said he was desirous not to suffer it to pass, without offering a few remarks; as he saw among the guests, who had honored the Society with their presence, a gentleman (Mr. Fernon) who, impelled by a generous and honorable sympathy, while he represented the county of Philadelphia in the State Legislature, had not forgotten, in the midst of his political duties, the incident in our history to which the sentiment alluded; and had introduced and been instrumental in obtaining the passage of a law, by which a public square is hereafter to be set apart in commemoration of it. All people, sir, said Mr. Gilpin, have among them places, whose local associations recall to them incidents and men, whom they justly desire to keep in lively remembrance. The spirit of association which sanctifies the dwelling of Washington, and hallows the rock where the storm-tossed pilgrims of New England founded for liberty and religion an enduring home, is the same which has made dear to the Englishman and the Swiss the birth-place of Shakespeare and the battle-field of Murat—is the same which, in times long before, preserved and pointed out the gulf of Curtius, in the midst of the Roman forum, and turned aside Alexander in his rapid march of conquest, that he might visit the deserted shores of the Scamander, where Achilles fought, and of which Homer sung. There is, indeed, something in our nature—to borrow the idea of him whose eloquence was ever blended with the finest human sympathies—by which such scenes, when visited, excite sensations more lively than the best told story of the events and men with which they are connected, is ever able to awaken. And we, too, in Philadelphia, are not without our cherished scenes of local association; nor is it an ungenerous vanity to say, that the sentiments which they excite, and by which we are attracted to them, are in their nature even more noble and better in their influences than those that are kindled by any spot where a patriot has lived or a poet has sung—where a warrior has triumphed, or an exile of freedom has found a home. Our cherished spots of local association are the Hall of Independence and the treaty ground of Penn. It is no mere connection with illustrious names, or acts of brilliant genius, enterprise or courage that imparts to them their interest; but it is that from them—as was claimed for the oracles of old—deep, sacred and enduring truths were promulgated, which had, and are still to have, the most lasting influences upon the welfare and progress of man. It is not the memory of the men who sat in the Hall of Independence, that makes us pass with reverence beneath its portals, but because great truths were there made the basis of a social compact which nearly a century has already shown, and we may trust that many future centuries are yet to prove, to be most fitted to procure the prosperity and happiness of our race. It is no thought of the group collected beneath the Elm Tree at Shackamaxon—the graceful and manly form of Penn, serene in conscious virtue, his countenance beaming with hope and the belief that his “holy experiment” was successfully begun; nor the patient and trusting crowd of “friends” around, who were to benefit by and perfect it; nor the circle of red men, whose wild natures were already yielding to the influences of Christian justice, forbearance and love—it is not the thought of this scene, attractively as the genius of the artist might depict it, which makes us dedicate the well-remembered spot. It is because there—beneath the canopy of heaven and the primeval forest; there—in the presence of civilized and savage man, the representatives at once of the future and the past—the glad tidings were announced, to be borne back on one hand across

the ocean on the wings of hope and promise, and on the other into the recesses of the unreclaimed forest, that a State was to be founded "by deeds of peace," and with equal and considerate justice to all men who claimed its shelter or protection. No written record—no parchment with its dangling seals—has handed down to us the words of Penn, or the proceedings of that memorable council; but a faithful tradition assures us that it aimed at no end of commerce or of gain; that it sought only to announce, in language and with ceremonies that would not be forgotten, principles that should be sacredly adhered to in the commonwealth he was founding. Ere he had crossed the Atlantic—almost before the gift of his province was perfected—Penn had publicly made known to the "friends" who should embark with him, the "frame of government" under which their "holy experiment" was to be commenced; he had promised to secure to them the fullest rights of self-government, and "all that good and free men could reasonably desire, for the security and improvement of their own happiness." "Let the Lord," he said, "guide me by his wisdom to honor his name, and to serve his truth and people, so that an example and a standard may be set up to the nations." Nor was it for the white man only that his plans of justice and benevolence were formed. He remembered too, "the poor savage people who believed in God and the soul without the aid of metaphysics," but who had yet to know and to be secured "in their rights as men." In advance of his contemplated voyage—to guard them against fears not unreasonable—he sent them a letter, which was read to them by interpreters. "God," said he, "hath written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and help, and do good to one another; now this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world, and I desire that we may always live together as neighbors and friends. I desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just and peaceable life, and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if, in any thing, any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them. I shall shortly come to you myself, at which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse on these matters." And come he did; and beneath the Elm Tree at Shaekanaxon his promise was redeemed. There, under that broad canopy which nature spreads for all her children, he gathered together, not alone "the poor, dark souls round about him," but the "friends" from every land who had listened to his cheering promises—from England, from Wales, from Sweden, from Holland, from the Rhine. There, were his hopes, his promises, and his plans renewed. There, were they explained with all the eloquence of sincerity and truth, so that even from the sealed heart of the Red man burst forth the irrepressible response—"We will live in love with Uncas and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." It was beneath an oak tree in the plain of Hebron, whose site a pious tradition long kept in remembrance, that the patriarch dwelt and spread around him the sacred lessons of the true religion. Under a plane-tree, near the banks of the Iliissus, Socrates disclosed to his assembled followers the doctrines of a philosophy almost divine. The great statesman and orator of Rome has preserved for us the eloquent record of the conferences of the most distinguished of her sons, in the tranquil shade of a plane-tree on the slopes of Tusculum. But of neither of these will the grateful tradition be more long and reverently preserved, than that which will consecrate the Elm Tree beneath whose branches was proclaimed the motives, the objects, and the plans of him whose name is, and forever will be, joined with that of the community which he founded.

The eighth toast was :

*Coaquannock*—called into life as Philadelphia, by Penn, erected into a great Capital by his successors.

Mr. J. R. Tyson being called to respond to this toast, said :

The toast, Mr. Chairman, which has just been read, may well cause some hesitation in the reply. It brings into view the solitude which once brooded over a spot which is now occupied by the crowded avenues, the well filled storehouses, and the stately residences of a refined and luxurious city. If we compare the forest home of the savage hunter, as he ranged in 1682, without control, over these plains, with the scene which we now behold around us, the contrast is perfectly marvellous. From the Delaware to the Schuylkill river and stretching indefinitely beyond it to the western Ocean, there lay a dense and unbroken wilderness, the abode of wild beasts, and the still wilder Indian. These noble rivers which are now the highways of a large commerce, passed in silent grandeur to the Atlantic, unvisited in their solitary flow, except by the breezes of Heaven, or the light canoe which danced over their waters! We may picture to ourselves from the festive board at which we sit, and amid the embellishments of artificial elegance, the rudeness of primeval woods, and the barbarism of forest life. We may picture to ourselves the old Indian of the Leni Lenapes, leaning forward to catch the first glimpses of the good ship *Welcome* as she hove in sight, and afterwards, with simple wonder, contemplating the emblems of peace and friendship held out to him and his tribe by her venerated chief.

The axe of the woodsman, the ploughshare of the farmer, and the saw of the artisan, were emulous in the work of changing this scene of blank but majestic solitude into active and stirring life. Those fine oaks and towering cedars which had stood erect, amid the blasts of centuries, fell before the march of the invaders. They were the only foes which encountered the enmity of the strangers. They were made to give place to the genial influences of light and air, to the needful succession of seed-time and harvest, to comfortable abodes for the habitation of man, and sacred fanes for the worship of God!

But your toast, sir, does not look merely to a desert converted into a garden, or a wilderness made to blossom as the rose. To my apprehension, it implies something more than these.—“*Coaquannock, called into life as Philadelphia by Penn*,” beautifully expresses the magical impress which was made by the founder’s genius upon the chaos around him. It seems intended to describe the *caduceus* of Penn’s moral power; the more than Promethean fire which he infused into the inert mass of savage desolation; the mighty spirit which he breathed into all, by his sublime maxims of social and religious freedom! This was all the incantation which Penn employed, in calling Philadelphia into life *out of dead Coaquannock*!

The age of Penn, passing that of the 2d Charles, of the 2d James, and of William and Mary, included the Augustan age of Anne and George 1st. Though the refined era of Addison and Pope, it was an age which was marked, in England and Scotland, by manners, as fierce and atrocious, blended with a policy as indirect and subtle as those of the American Indian. The famous Rob Roy and his freebooting companions pillaged and murdered, without scruple, almost within sight of the city of Glasgow, and within hearing of its learned University. The contrasts presented by such opposite conditions of life, among the same people, in the same age, and the same neighborhood, are more striking and more humiliating than in different races, periods, and nations. The vicinity of such contrarieties of character, maintaining their own separate spheres, like parallel lines indefinitely prolonged without uniting, present subjects of painful interest to the philosophical student of history. But while the laws of Scotland, armed with the terrors of death, confiscation, and exile, were incapable of preventing the horrors of these freebooters’ enormities, or of checking the violence of their excesses, Penn could disarm, his ferocious neighbours, and convert their enmity into friendship, by the simple policy of mild words, sincere professions, generous acts, and just counsels. Bloodshed was stopped among themselves, and uninter-

mitted kindness and friendship secured to their European visitors. Not a drop of Indian or white blood stained the virgin soil of Pennsylvania for half a century from the English settlement. Such is the first bright page of our domestic annals! It is that which is associated with Penn and the primitive age of Philadelphia.

No town in the colonization of North America made such rapid progress. Within 20 years from that period, when the Indian hunter ranged in pursuit of game over the wild region of Coquannock; within 20 years from the original settlement, when from the want of houses, the colonists sought shelter in the caves of the Delaware; within 20 years from that time,—Wm. Penn erected Philadelphia into a City, and gave to it a Charter. From the earliest period of recorded time, history had presented no similar example to this. The prosperity of the settlement was a perfect wonder to the statesmen of that day. But the wonder is explained by calling to mind the grand principles of *LIBERTY* upon which the colony was founded. In New England *Church members* only were permitted to be freemen of the colonies; all others were disfranchised and persecuted. In Pennsylvania religious intolerance was unknown; “*errors in religion*,” said Penn, “*are known only to God*.” The arms of the colony were thrown wide open to every variety of sect in Christendom, to every shade of creed under Heaven. They were stretched out to embrace not alone the Catholic and Protestant, the Churchman and Puritan, the Conformist and Dissenter, but the Jew and the Mahometan were alike protected and secure. No sooner had the founder landed from the good ship *Welcome*, than he bade a hospitable *welcome* to every adventurer of whatever religious faith or political opinion, and gave to them all a certain and safe asylum.

It was to these principles of policy and the mild punishment of transgressors, that the historian most attribute the happy and prosperous condition of the province. Without any, even the slightest collision with the Indians, but enjoying their confidence and friendship for nearly half a century, the colony flourished beyond all former example. In 1683, the year succeeding the foundation of the English colonization, Penn writes to Lord North, “that since the last summer, *there had stopped at Philadelphia sixty sails of ships*,” and to the Marquis of Halifax, “*that he had conducted the greatest colony into America*, upon his private credit, that had ever followed the fortunes of a leader.” In 1686 Robert Turner writes to Penn, that “within the space of three years six hundred houses had been erected.” Gabriel Thomas, an historian of the year 1696, predicts that Philadelphia will become *a celebrated emporium*. The town continued to advance with prodigious celerity in population, and the arts of life. During the second visit of Penn, that is, in 1701, he writes, “this year the customs amount to £8000; New York has not the half of it.”

From the year in which Philadelphia received its Charter as a city, we are to date its municipal existence. The corporate powers were amplified by the successors of Penn in 1789, but the limits assigned to the city in 1701, were preserved in the new enactment. But the colonial Assembly in five years after the grant of the second charter, passed an act the sad consequences of which are entailed upon their posterity to the present day. The district of Southwark was chartered as a separate municipality, in 1794, instead of throwing the *egis* of the city charter over its flourishing population. This example was the parent of the multitudinous progeny which now compose our numerous and expanding city. As a part of his plan of empire in the new world, Penn ordered a plot of ground of 10,000 acres, or twelve square miles, to be marked out as the territorial area of the future metropolis. Owing to the mistaken abandonment of this policy, this land is covered—not by one great and undivided community,—but by at least *seven* co-ordinate and independent, perhaps jealous and rival towns, including together a population of 500,000 souls. Though forming but one body, of people, compacted together in close neighborhood, each town is as distinct from its fellows in local jurisdiction and legal immunities, as Boston is from New Orleans.

This is not the place, Mr. Chairman, nor this the occasion, to expatiate upon a topic so suggestive of reflections as the peculiar and anomalous condi-

tion of our municipal affairs. Suffice it to say that history thus sets before us two conflicting examples—one by Penn, the other by his successors. Which of these examples should we adopt in order to promote our social well-being, or to place upon solid foundations the prosperity of a *great Capital*? The question is a grave and delicate one. Whatever others may think, I declare in favor of blending these different jurisdictions into one; I go for a union of this municipal heptarchy, as only less important to us than national union is to the whole country!

The ninth toast was—

*The Children of the Forest.* May they be protected in the enjoyment of their hunting grounds until the Great Manitou shall call them to himself.

Mr. H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, in replying to the above sentiment, said:

The aborigines of this continent were the greatest wonder found in it. So long as the continent was deemed to be a prolongation of Asia, or a remote part of the East Indies, there was little doubt of their being from that part of the stock of the human race. But as soon as the Pacific Ocean and Behring's straits were discovered, men began vigorously to doubt about their origin, and have been doubting ever since.

With our present knowledge of the temperature, winds and currents of the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific latitudes, it would be rather more wonderful that the population of the Asiatic coasts and islands should *not*, than that it *should*, have reached America. Such voyages could easily have been performed in their balzas and light floats, if they were designed by a migrating people, and if they were not designed, the drifting from island to island, in the course of years, was a natural mode of progress; and it is as reasonable to suppose that the Indian tribes have been on this continent 3000 as 500 years. Indeed, it is far more so, for the greater length of time would account for the diversities of languages and tribes.

Viewed as a race, they are decidedly Asiatic. They not only have the leading physical traits of Asiatics, but their mental organization is the same. They are not inductive men, like the Goths, and Celts, and Saxons, and Angles, but, rather, have a picturesque mind. They are prone to complain—prone to dwell on reminiscences of the past—little disposed to indulge in anticipations—little inclined to hope on *any* subject. Doubtless their complaints, since the Europeans came over, have had a pretty broad foundation in truth, for they have lost all, and we have gained all. Yet, I doubt if the Aborigines of any country have fared better, if as well. The old Britons, except on the rocky peaks of Wales, were scarcely left a foot-hold. The Romans hated and hunted them like deer, and the Angles and Saxons did the same. The Druids were slaughtered by hundreds, and it is no wonder, as some think, if Madoc and his followers found shelter here.

But did the English do better to the aborigines of India? Not a particle. They have coveted territory on territory, and kingdom on kingdom; and they have never been slow, from the days of Lord Clive and Tippoo Saib, in bringing the last resort of kings—the *ultima ratio regum*—to bear upon their territorial questions; as in the career of Bonaparte, a new battery of fifty field guns, was of more diplomatic weight than the most eloquent arguments in the world. Not less than one hundred millions of the inhabitants of India are now disfranchised and subjugated. Did France do better in Algeria? Not a whit. Ask Abdel-Kader. The sword makes law and the sword breaks law in Algeria. After four years of captivity, he is not even allowed to go back to his native country.

The United States, on the contrary, have not taken the Indian territories unpaid for. The Indian, it is true, had neither “crown or cowl.” He had some imagination, and some eloquence, but he did not evince much capacity to wield the sceptre—unless we except the Iroquois, and they chiefly threw their weight into the scale against us, in the great struggle of 1775—which was indeed, as it is now seen, the struggle of mankind for rational liberty and self-government.

Penn found here the Lenno Lenapees—the oldest member of the great Algonquin stock—which spread over half America. They received him kindly, and he treated them well, and their descendants remember the era as the rule of the great and benevolent Miquon. His rule and government were equally the praise of those Indo-Greeks, the Iroquois, better known to the English as the Six Nations, and they bestowed on him the distinctive name of Onas. Both these terms are Indian equivalents for the name of Penn.

But, whatever be the character and capacities of the Indian mind, they are our predecessors—our wards—our brothers. We owe them kindness, justice, benevolence. We owe them those great means by which nations are exalted—*letters, education, Christianity*. They are, it is true, a lost link in the history of the human family, but without stopping to inquire *where* they were lost, or *when* they were lost, it is one of the highest duties of our nationality to welcome them as men—to protect them as tribes, and, as a Christian people, to cherish them. Aye, and to receive them, as we receive the emigrants of all Europe, into the great family of the American Union. There will, doubtless, arise, in these new legislators of the Indian race, future Logans and Garangulas to vindicate their history, and other Conassategos and Red Jackets to utter their eloquence.

The tenth toast was—

*The Great Law.* The act that rendered Pennsylvania illustrious as the Pioneer of legal amelioration, and that has done more, by its holy influence and example, for human happiness than all the battle-fields over which the world has wept.

MR. SHARSWOOD responded.

MR. SHARSWOOD said that he had to acknowledge the honor conferred upon him by the Committee of Arrangement, in imposing upon him the duty of responding to the toast just announced, with the regret, however, that the task had not devolved upon one with more time and ability to do justice to the subject.

Our founder had well studied the science of government and laws, though he was no lawyer by profession. He drew his first principles on the subject from the most authoritative source. He held that “the glory of God Almighty and the good of mankind is the reason and end of government, and therefore government itself is a venerable ordinance of God.” He was not a disciple of Sir Robert Filmer; he did not mean that monarchy, or any particular form of government was divinely instituted—that “some men were born with saddles on their backs, and other men ready booted and spurred to ride them.” At all events, it is by no means a just inference from his principles, that the people have not a right to change their form of government whenever it is proper and expedient to do so. So far from it, the legitimate deduction appears to be that any form which fails to accomplish the design of its institution—the glory of God and the good of mankind—ought to be changed; “that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.” There is one legitimate inference from Mr. Penn’s principles, however, not to be lost sight of at the present day—that until revolution has effected a change by the will of the people, the actual existence of any government, whatever may be its form or the modes of its administration creates the obligation of obedience. There is no higher law which dispenses with that obligation.

Another of Mr. Penn’s principles was, that “any government is free to the people under it, whatever be the frame, where the laws rule and the people are a party to those laws, and more than this is tyranny, oligarchy and confusion.” He knew no more concise and perfect description of civil and political liberty than was contained in these few words. He composed and published his frame to advance, as he says, “the great end of government, viz.: to support power

in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power; that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery."

By this frame the General Assembly was the first year to consist of all the freemen of the Province. Accordingly we may say that the Assembly which convened at Upland on the 7th, and adjourned on the 10th of December, 1682, was the meeting of a pure Democracy. It would have been a solemn and touching sight to one who could have foreseen all its consequences in the distant future—that first meeting. They came together the pioneers of the wilderness—stern, grave, and earnest men—prepared for toil, privation and danger—men of moral, rather than mere physical courage—their hands hardened by the axe's unwearied stroke in felling the primeval forest, and raising their rude log cabins, and there, within the hearing of the yells of wandering savages of untried disposition, they adopted, in the short space of three days, sixty-one laws,—many of them, indeed all of them, the foundation stones upon which has been since erected the superstructure of the civil and criminal jurisprudence of this broad Commonwealth. It was a fitting introduction to that simple but noble code—the law about liberty of conscience—“that all persons living in this province, who confess and acknowledge the one Almighty and Eternal God to be the creator, upholder, and ruler of the world, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no ways be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place or ministry.”

Looking at the scope and spirit of our early laws and institutions, the celebrated Montesquieu pronounced Mr. Penn a true Lycurgus; that though the object of the one was to form a peaceful and of the other a warlike State, they resembled each other in the ascendancy they were able to acquire over the opinions, prejudices, and passions of the people. Mr. Penn infused his own spirit into the laws, and certainly the whole history of our jurisprudence shows how largely we have drawn from these original fountains. The character of the code comports with its introduction. Moderate in its penal enactments—just and equal in its civil provisions—it is an instance unparalleled in the world's history of the foundations of a great State laid in peace, justice, equality. It is necessary to refer merely to the abolition of capital punishment in all cases except for wilful murder,—that all prisons shall be work-houses—to the acts for the recording of deeds and registry of wills—for the regulation of process and pleading—for making lands chattels for the payment of debts—and that the laws should not only be printed for general information, but taught in the schools. There is one section of the great law worthy of especial note—under the title of *numerous suits avoidable*—of which our celebrated *act about defalcation*, passed in 1705, is but the re-enactment, and which is still the law of this State, almost in the very words of those primitive legislators who first assembled to make laws for themselves—a small band of emigrants upon the banks of the river which flows by our doors. It was more than a half century afterwards before a similar enactment was to be found upon the statute-book of old England.

Just and true is indeed the sentiment of the toast, that “the Great Law has done more by its holy influence and examples for human happiness than on all the battle-fields over which the world has wept.” He did not wish, and he presumed the Committee who framed this toast did not mean to be understood as depreciating the true value of military services:—on the contrary, his settled opinion was that the maintenance of a proper military spirit among the people is essential to the liberty and progress of a State. “Where it exists even despotisms become comparatively harmless, as in Prussia, and when it is absent, even mild governments dwindle into imbecile and powerless tyrannies, as in Italy and Spain.” We are too apt, however, to be carried away by the splendor of military success. Generals have always been the most *available*

men. The world has always bowed more implicitly to military genius than to civic talents. The Alexanders, Caesars and Napoleons have carried with them more of the world's attention and applause than the Lycurguses, Solons and William Penns. Yet he who has wisely laid the foundations of a nation's liberty, prosperity and progress in an enduring constitution, and in just and equal laws, has done far more for the solid and lasting happiness of the people than the leader who has added glory to their arms. He who is instrumental in giving security, industry, education and religion to the precincts of home—he it is who should be crowned with unfading laurels—and whose monument is more glorious than a column cast from the captive cannons of a hundred Austerlitzes.

The eleventh Toast was—

*The Illustrious Dead of the Republic*—May their virtues survive in the living.

In response to this, MR. ROBERT T. CONRAD said:

Mr. President—I feel that I have made a sufficient draft upon your patience to-day, and I doubt whether even the knowledge that I am expected to speak to this noble sentiment will warrant a further trespass upon your attention.

The very hopelessness of doing justice to that sentiment will excuse diffidence in the effort. Justice to the dead of our republic cannot be rendered in words; yet it is nobly rendered—rendered in the heart-throbs and tears of a nation—rendered in a gratitude intense and universal—worthy of the dead and of the living, and doing honor to both.

The summons to graves over which a continent weeps has been sadly frequent of late; and hardly has the tolling bell for one patriot—(caught up and echoed from hill-top to hill-top until it rings over the far Pacific)—ceased to sound, before another knell announces another national calamity. It would seem as if He, in whose hand are the issues of life and death, looks in anger upon us. But let us hope that it is not so. The Revolution, rich itself in great men, left the seeds of a great race, the un-degenerate heirs of their genius and virtues. That race grew and rose and ripened together. Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster shone out from their high sphere about the same period. How long they shone, and how brightly—and how the nation rejoiced in their light—who does not know? No wonder that, thus rising and culminating together, shining with the same brilliance, from the same sky, they went down, at nearly the same time, beneath the same horizon, leaving it even when they are seen no more, radiant with their glory.

Our country, even in her tears, is happy in having so long possessed them; for each had filled the measure of the patriot's service and the patriot's fame, and each fell, even wondered at because he fell no sooner.

Our country is happy in the wealth of virtue, and genius, and patriotism which she possesses—of which the grave is the guardian—and which she will possess forever—for it is beyond the reach of chance or change, of its own fallibility or of the wrongs of others. Our dead cannot be taken from us.

Our country is happy that the departed have set their seal upon that which, as patriots, we value. Our Constitution belongs not only to the living, but to the dead. And who would wrong the dead? Our Union is not ours only; it belongs to Washington and Jackson, to Clay and Webster. What Northern man would be divorced from the tomb at Ashland? What Southern man from that at Marshfield? Or what American would not rather die than live to tread upon the haunted, holy ground of Mt. Vernon—his father's grave—an alien, a stranger? No, all that is holy to the patriot is holier when it is sanctified, and because it is sanctified by the dead—who lived for it here, and who now watch over it from their better habitations eternal in the heavens.

Our country is happy, too, in her own warm, true, noble heart—a heart that glows with gratitude for the illustrious dead—a gratitude too lofty to be reached by the low mists of prejudice—a gratitude that is the glory of the country, and which, while it rewards the patriotism of the past, affords a noble incentive to that of the future. Greatness and virtue reproduce themselves by their example. It may be long before we have another Calhoun, or Clay,

or Webster; but that time will come; and when it does come, may the gratitude of posterity be as warm and sincere as ours—it cannot be more so.

The twelfth Toast was:

*Our Sister Societies.* United with us in kindred pursuits.

MR. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, of New York, spoke briefly in answer to this toast.

The thirteenth Toast was:

*The Sons of the Soil.* Wherever they wander, may joy and gladness attend their steps.

BISHOP UPFOLD of Indiana responded as follows:

“Mr. President—In responding to this sentiment, at the request of the Committee of Arrangement, I feel considerable embarrassment, from the fact that I cannot claim to be strictly “a son of the soil.” I have not the honor to call Pennsylvania my birth place. A residence of many years, however, in the good old Commonwealth, may perhaps entitle me to be considered an adopted son. Indeed it has so identified me in feeling with the Keystone State, and with so deep an interest in her character and welfare, that I indulge as strong filial affection and respect for her as if I were strictly a “son of her soil,” and feel as much becoming “State pride,” as if in some valley or on some mountain of her beautiful, fertile and rich domain, I had drawn my first breath, and received my earliest nurture. And now, though removed from what was my pleasant home for many years, in her busy Western metropolis, and having, in the discharge of official duties, become very much a wanderer, I ever turn to Pennsylvania with undiminished interest in her prosperity and advancement; with strong, unimpaired, filial reverence and regard; and with all the pride and affection of “a son of the soil,” can with truth and emphasis say, in the language of one of England’s sweetest bards—

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to Thee!”

And I am free to say, moreover, that in the State in which I now sojourn, there are hundreds besides myself, most of them with far higher claims to be “sons of the soil” of Pennsylvania, who are ready to echo the sentiment—and who, from the strong attachment to their Fatherland, which seems to be characteristic of Pennsylvanians, are prepared, from the depths of their “untravelled hearts” to add—

“ Still” to my birth-place “turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.”

Indiana numbers a goodly portion of Pennsylvanians among her citizens. Some of her earliest settlers, the pioneers who ventured into her territory when it was from one end to the other the domain of the savage, emigrated from the honest old Commonwealth. And in more recent years, much of the numerical strength of Indiana, and very much of her bone and sinew has been derived from the sturdy yeomanry of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvanians are among her best citizens. They have carried with them the integrity, the thrifty habits, the patient industry, the indomitable courage and perseverance, with the agricultural skill, which so much characterizes “the sons of the soil,” native or adopted. And these are all preserved unimpaired in the new home they have found in the West. If in travelling through the State, you perceive a farm of finer appearance than another, in better order, under more skillful cultivation, with barn, outhouses, and other farm appurtenances complete—I will say nothing of the dwelling, house, for that, as in the land they have left, seems to be a minor consideration—you may be pretty sure it is cultivated and owned by a Pennsylvanian. The same creditable characteristics are observable in those of her sons who are engaged in mechanical and commercial employments, and in professional occupations. In these you will find the same honesty, industry, and perseverance as in the other—with a dis-

position too, I must in all candor add, to dip a little into polities, and that pretty much on one side. They do no discredit to the State of their birth, however, in this, any more than in other matters, but honor it in all their ways, works and habits, presenting an array of honest thrift, of industry and enterprize, of moral habits and moral example, of which their fatherland need not to be ashamed.

It is, however, so little in accordance with my habits to make a speech on an occasion like this, that I am surprized I have gone so far and said so much, without breaking down. And for fear of such a catastrophe, if I proceed much longer, I beg leave to substitute, for the remainder of an oration. A story, or rather two illustrative I think of the characteristics I have ascribed to the "sons of the soil," and which, I trust, will be regarded as not inappropriate to the occasion, particularly which has brought this pleasant company together, and to the laudable object of the Historical Society. They relate to two venerable men, who were among the earliest pioneers of the north western section of the State; and I narrate them, as they were narrated to me a few years ago on the spot,—substantially at least, for a treacherous memory may cause me to be inaccurate in details.

Some fifty years ago—and that was a long time ago for this county,—a sturdy "Green Mountain boy" arrived at Presque Isle on Lake Erie, with a pack on his back, and an axe on his shoulder, seeking his fortune in a then almost impassable wilderness. At the public house he entered, a mere log hut, near the Fort, he inquired for employment. It was immediately furnished by the landlord, who engaged the new comer to chop wood for him—puncheons for floors, or hoop poles—I forget which. He was to receive as wages fifty cents a day; but nothing was said about the price of board and lodging. At the expiration of a week he asked for his wages, which were paid him, but was immediately met by a demand, on the part of the cunning landlord, of seventy-five cents a day for board and lodging. There was a hearty laugh by the occupants of the bar-room, at the expense of the supposed greenhorn, which he took in good part. The settlement was completed, when the laugh was turned on the landlord; who, upon asking the wood cutter where the puncheons or hoop poles were, was answered, they were "in the woods where they had been cut, and the place he might possibly find if he hunted carefully and patiently." The articles were sought for, but in vain—the landlord returned from the search unsuccessful—and the puncheons and hoop poles were not discovered for many years after, and were then found, after the site of the present borough of Erie had begun to be cleared, on the spot on which the Court House of Erie now stands.

During the absence of the over-cunning landlord, the greenhorn, with his axe on his shoulder, made tracks for the forest, penetrated it some ten or twelve miles, found a lot of land to his liking, took its marks and boundaries, repaired to the Land office, made his purchase, received his title deed, and returned and begun to clear a farm. A few others had preceded him, and a small settlement had been begun. Late in autumn, as winter approached, an examination was made of the quantity of food in the settlement, and it was found there was not enough for all. It was determined, therefore, in order to make it available for the winter, that the young, unmarried settlers, must seek employment elsewhere during the winter months. The decision was immediately acted upon by the Green mountain boy. He betook himself without delay to the woods, felled a large tree, made a "Dug-out" or Canoe, launched in Le Boeuf creek, filled his frail bark with such scanty provision as he could procure, descended in it to French creek, through that stream to the Allegheny river, and down that stream to Fort Pitt. Here he found a small settlement, a village of log huts adjacent to the Fort—but the inhabitants so far advanced in civilization as to have a sort of market house. He sought employment at this place for the winter, but found great difficulty in obtaining it. After a few days of unsuccessful effort he mounted a butcher's block in the market house, and auctioned himself off as a laborer for three months, to the highest bidder. The novel plan succeeded—he found an employer. When

spring came he received his wages and obtained his release. With his hard earnings he purchased some flour, bacon, salt, and other articles of food, embarked in his "Dug-out," paddled his way up the streams he had descended and landed within six or eight miles of his wild home. He spent several days in transporting his store of provisions, from his Canoe to his imbryo farm, carrying all on his back. This done, he built a log cabin, the rain descending on the roof of which—such was the peculiar shape of the ground on a sort of elevated ridge—on one side, flowed into streams running into the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here he commenced his life of patient toil, and with such success, that for many years past he has possessed one of the largest and finest farms in Pennsylvania, and has attained not only competence, but independence. And he still lives, I believe, to enjoy in a green old age the fruits of his industry and enterprise.

The other tale relates to the settlement of a land claim, in a somewhat novel, but entirely successful way, the successful party to which, and the narrator of the occurrence, was and is, for I believe he still lives, a neighbour of the former. He was also an early settler, one of the pioneers of that portion of the State. He had "located" a tract of four hundred acres, and paid for it, in a twelve hundred acre section, and had been in undisturbed possession thereof for two or three years. At the end of that time he discovered that certain "squatters," four in number, had taken illegal possession of the entire section, and in order to secure a pre-emption title, had built a log cabin on the spot where the four tracts united. He sought to eject the intruder on his tract, but in vain. "At that day," said he to me, "there was no redress at law. For though there were courts and lawyers, the decisions of the one and the pleadings of the other commanded no respect whatever. The best man was the law—the strong arm maintained the surest title. After jawing about it," such was the language, "a good while, it was agreed on all hands that the best man should have the tract of land, and a day was appointed for the fight. It took place," said he, pointing to his dwelling house—"in that very building. I had just covered it in. We met in that room"—indicating it with his finger—"it had only an earthen floor. We stripped to the buff, smeared our bodies all over with soft soap, so that no unfair advantage should be taken, went at it, and in half an hour," said he, his eyes sparkling at the recollection of his successful prowess—"he, my antagonist, cried *enough, let up, the tract is yours.*" On this title I have continued to hold the tract, which I had previously fairly purchased, and I hold it still. And from this circumstance, this tract is designated on the County Records as the "Speculator's Defeat Tract." "So mortified," continued my aged narrator, "was the man I flogged, that he instantly made tracks for a distant part of the country, in which he managed to thrive to such a degree, as to become one of the leading men of the Territory, and when it became a State was chosen its first Governor."

MR. AUBREY H. SMITH, introduced, with the following remarks, the first of the volunteer toasts:

Mr. President—I do not think it presumptuous to call the times in which we live *good*. Nay, more. I believe that this will ever be counted the *heroic* age of the republic—the age of courage, energy, development. When in some remote future the historian limns the outline of our annals, this time and these days will stand sharp out in his picture in the strong colours due to their vigour of thought and intensity of purpose. Men labor now for truth as much as men ever did, for truth in all things and every where. On the outward limits of human knowledge are toiling an army of truth-seekers—look where you will, you see them giving labour, time and life, to their work. They triumph too—no department of human affairs is void of their triumphs.

But, Sir, our Society deals with the past, and we look to it, not with the idle curiosity which would recall what had better be forgotten, but with the reverence that honors the past as the mother of the present and the still

grander future. Our past is eminently and peculiarly the mother of the present. Republicans, democrats in verity as we are—so were those republicans and democrats who first swung their axes in the forests of New England and Virginia. They were not, nor could be else.

From them as from a primitive root grew every thing. How it grew in those old times, what truths it elaborated, and what triumphs glorify its annals, others are here most fit to tell. I see before me men whose age, whose wisdom, whose means of knowledge, whose habits of life specially qualify them to the task. In the hope that some one of them may assume it, I propose this toast:

*Old Times, Old Truths and Old Triumphs.*—With a hand for the future, we will still have a heart for the past.

MR. SAMUEL BRECK was requested to respond, and said:

“Old Times!” Can young Pennsylvania point to any in her annals? To find any period worthy of the epithet, we must consult her earliest history; and there, indeed, without diving into very ancient times, we shall find the record of as wise and as able an administration of public affairs, by members of the Society of Friends; by unsophisticated, honest and honorable Quakers, as the history any country can exhibit.

William Penn, the great founder—the master spirit of every movement in those early days, taught his companions, in their first assembly, how to constitute a government for freemen, and enjoined upon them to weigh well the following maxim: “Freedom exists only where the laws rule, and the *people* are *parties to the laws.*” With this and other equally sound political precepts, he established constitutional provisions for peaceful government and religious freedom, which have continued to this day, with few changes, to be the firm platform, on which Pennsylvanians have placed their dearest privileges.

Following the rules established by their illustrious leader, the Quakers, in the course of eighty years, increased a Colony of a few hundred to three hundred thousand inhabitants. And this vast multitude was thrown, from year to year, when in process of rapid growth, upon a territory covered with wood and owned by savages.

To make room for the thousands that landed on the shores annually, the Indians were to be induced to remove; and to remove too, without causing discontent, and then was to be peaceably seated the German, who knew nothing of our language, laws or customs; and along side, or in pretty close proximity, the English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish. Then followed a class of immigrants suited to give much trouble, called Bond-Servants or Redemptioners, and mixed up with these was the negro Slave.

Do you believe it possible, Mr. President, that a population so dissimilar in language, manners, religion, color and customs, could be made to dwell together in happiness and thrift, without superior statesmanship? Could these distinct and various elements, Sir, be made to harmonize, without the friendly sway of something in love and skill, akin to paternal affection? It was the mildness of the laws, administered by the good Quaker, that brought about this extraordinary and happy result. No coercion, other than that of the law, was ever used. None, indeed, was needed: for during the whole period of Quaker rule, which lasted nearly ninety years, not the slightest commotion or insurrectionary movement took place, unless we except the trifling flurry of the Paxton boys, and the occasional excitement on days of election, so that the absence of military aid was never felt, nor did any organization of a militia force take place during the long period of Quaker power.

Thus for several generations a succession of these peaceful, excellent men, bestowed upon a large community, (numbering at the time they relinquished the reins of government, three hundred thousand) that measure of happiness, which it is the aim of the purest legislators to reach, by means of mild, just and appropriate laws, suited to the condition of each and every citizen. Such was their practice, and such their eminent success. Can we, in contemplating this passage in the history of our *Old times*, withhold from it the

epithet of *Old triumphs and Old truths*. I think not, for the art of governing was carried to perfection at that period, and claims our highest admiration.

In the short space of eighty years, Penn's woodland was converted into a cultivated country, rivalling, in some districts the husbandry of Belgium. Savages were made to yield their land *willingly*, for a fair equivalent, to the industrious settler, and civilization, (with brotherly love) was established in all our borders, solely by the mild influence of Quaker rule.

Some among us treat this picture of happiness as an affair devoid of excitement. They call them the dull annals of a people without spirit, having nothing in them to rouse the mind to action.

The wars of the Indian chief, Philip, in Massachusetts, and even the ridiculous pretence for harassing there the many poor creatures for witch-craft, and cruel persecution of Quakers, are adduced as passages fitted to stir the dull intellect, and produce, no matter of what cost, something brilliant and worth reading.

No doubt the brilliancy of our historic pages would have been increased, according to these critics, had they been adorned with Carolinas high sounding titles of Palatine, Margrave, Cassick and Barons: or had Pennsylvania winked at an overt or covert trade with Pirates, or allowed their poor Indians to be kidnapped and sold as slaves in the West Indians. These things were allowed elsewhere in the Colonies, and made their annals more piquant to those who are in search of the picturesque.

One black spot, however, disfigured our fair Quaker picture. I allude to Negro Slavery. The friends in power sought to abolish it at the beginning of the last Century, and actually passed a Colonial law, accompanied by a prohibitory duty of £20 per head on every negro imported; but it was disallowed by the people in power in England, who left Slavery fastened upon us until the year 1780.

Viewing then the calm, even, equitable and eminently just and successful rule of the people called Quakers, as an *Old triumph of Old times*, I conclude by offering the following *Toast*.

The Quaker government of the Province of Pennsylvania, during the first eighty years of its history, distinguished alike for its ability, its wisdom and its unmatched success.

MR. HORATIO G. JONES, JR., introduced the second volunteer toast, and said—While we are commemorating the virtues of William Penn, the founder of our commonwealth, than whom few statesmen of his age are entitled to greater praise, it is no more than proper to refer to other American pioneers who suffered as great hardships as that noble apostle of Religious liberty. I shall not refer to the Pilgrim fathers of New England—the Catholics of Maryland, or the Cavaliers of Virginia—for their praises and virtues have been often sung—but I purpose to call attention to the Dutchmen of New Amsterdam, between whom and the early settlers of Pennsylvania there were many strong ties of interest. The provinces of Pennsylvania and Delaware were, at one time, under their control, and as all present know, the records of those early days are filled with interesting accounts of the contests between the Dutch and the Swedes for the mastery of this portion of the newly settled country. I forbear to give the details of the mode of warfare which the Knickerbockers adopted, as I see before me one of their descendants—[Hon. James W. Beekman of New York] who, I doubt not, with the true spirit of a Netherlander, has attentively studied the history of those early days as related by that venerable historian, the famous Diedrick Knickerbocker.

But, Sir, there is another reason equally to the point why I propose to toast the settlers of the Hudson. As all are aware, the Hudson—then, as it is now called, “the North River”—and the Delaware—named by way of contradistinction, “the South River”—were discovered by one and the same person—the far famed Hendrick Hudson, whose unfortunate and untimely fate is lamented by every student of American history.

Besides, Sir, our Province was under the government of the Duke of York,

and was purchased from him by William Penn in August 1682, the year of his first visit to this country, and so highly did our Founder value the friendship of the early settlers on the Hudson, that after viewing the site of this great city, and even before he gave his people a form of government, he made a visit to the city of New York for the purpose, as he said, of paying "his duty to the Duke of York by visiting his Province."

The friendly relations which were then established have subsisted until the present day, and far distant be the period when they shall be disturbed.

The Keystone State has increased in population, in wealth, and in power, and has become a mighty commonwealth, while the Empire State with strides like those of a giant, has advanced, until it wields an influence almost unbounded, upon the welfare of the Republic.

Sir, the settlers of the Hudson were men of virtue, intelligence and bravery, and their descendants are now treading in the pathway which their noble ancestors first opened; and the valley of the Hudson, sanctified by a thousand delightful memories, has become classic ground.

We have reason to be proud of the fraternal intercourse which existed between the founders of these great States—and I know I am only expressing the feelings of all present, when I say that the descendants of "the South River" extend to the descendants of "the North River" the hand of a cordial and sincere friendship.

Mr. Jones then read the following toast.

*The Original Settlers on the Hudson:* Brave, hardy and humane; they opened the path of Empire, and afforded an example of those virtues that secured triumph to the Pilgrim Fathers of America.

MR. JAMES W. BEEKMAN responded as follows:

In thanking you, Mr. President, and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, for the very cordial manner in which you are pleased to compliment the Netherlands founders of New York, it will, perhaps, be pardoned me, if I am tempted, in view of the eminence of your city and Commonwealth in all the attributes that can ennoble a metropolis, or a State, to claim for such a posterity a Netherlands beginning.

The enterprize of Hudson opened to the world the South as well as the North river; for, although he merely looked into the Capes of the Delaware in 1609, when seeking a passage to the North, and although Verrazani, in 1525, almost a century earlier, had seen the land near Wilmington, Hudson first drew attention to the Delaware, as has been suggested by the gentleman who preceded me. There is good reason to believe that Adrian Block, in the first vessel built on this continent, the *Onrust*—a little yacht of fourteen tons—visited the South river about 1616, and in the great ship New Netherlands, built at Manhattan by Wouter Van Twiller, Cornelius Jacobson Mey brought the first emigrants to the South river in 1623. American ship building began on Manhattan. Where now is the Bowling Green, in New York city, was then the water's edge, and there was built the little *Onrust*, or *Restless*, in 1616. Probably on the eastern side of the "Capsee," or point where the East and North rivers divide, was launched the New Netherlands, a great ship of about 400 tons, the cost of building which gave serious offence, as a piece of extravagance, to the Directors of the West India Company.

As early as 1604, a merchant of Antwerp, William Usselinex, had exerted himself to establish a company to trade to America from the Straits of Magellan to Terra Nova. Usselinex had himself visited the Spanish West Indies, and had formed the vastest expectations of the profit likely to ensue from a Western commerce; and he enumerated among the advantages of his enterprise, that in the course of time the saving faith and gospel of Jesus Christ may be planted there. The Company was formed. The States General were on the point of granting the charter of incorporation, when affairs of State diverted their attention from private claims, and the matter was dropped.

Usselinex, however, did not despair. Twenty years later he had become

a resident of Stockholm, and to his exertions there is due the great Swedish Company, authorized by Gustavus and the States, on the 2d July, 1626. The great Oxenstiern was a warm friend of the undertaking, but Usselincx, the Dutchman, was the father of the Swedish settlements on the Delaware. Fort Nassau, the earliest and the forgotten, was built by Cornelius Mey and his emigrants in 1623. Where was Fort Nassau? asks the antiquarian as yet in vain, and the maps of the period, with a few exceptions, seem only to increase the doubt. The persevering labors of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Societies, at present directed to this point, will soon determine its precise situation. Perhaps the best map extant, is *Arent Roogeveen*, probably published in 1675, which contains a number of soundings of the depth of water in the river, and appears to be altogether more accurate than the others. Roogeveen placed Fort Nassau nearly opposite the mouth of Schuylkill, and a little above.

Next came Wm. Verhulst, in 1625, and at Trenton Falls, on an island, a settlement of three or four families of Walloons. In 1630 or 1631, ten or twelve servants of the West India Company were occupying a trading house there. Old Gabriel Thomas, in alluding to Stacey's Island as the place where the Dutch built only two or three houses, but made very little improvement, probably referred to Verhulst's Eylandt. Mr. Broadhead, long known as devoted to Historical research, is about to give to Antiquarians a book on the Early History of New York, which abounds in the rarest materials for neighboring annals. To an acquaintance with his labors, I am indebted for many curious facts.

1631 came De Vries, in the good ship *Woivis*, Captain Peter Heyn, and planted the ill-fated colony of Zwanendaal. They built a brick house—but all perished in 1632 by an Indian massacre.

1633, two years later, Arent Corsen purchased for the W. I. Company, of the Indians, *Armenveruis*, a tract of land on the Schuylkill, near the spot where afterwards stood Fort Beversrede; and in 1646, in the month of September, Andries Hudde purchased from the savages a piece of land on the West shore, about a mile (four and a half miles English) from Fort Nassau to the North. This was the site of the future city of Penn, and Netherlands proprietaries held at the same time the two greatest cities of America.

Fort Beversrede encountered the especial spite of the Swedes, who built a large house in front of the Fort, while a redoubtable Swede named Moens Kling, "with twenty-four men marching in ranks," cut down all the trees in the neighborhood.

Fort Nassau was finally demolished by Stuyvesant in 1651, because it was too far up the river.

But, Mr. Chairman, there is another aspect in which the pilgrim fathers of Pennsylvania and New York are to be regarded. We have been celebrating to-day with well merited and appropriate honors the landing of Wm. Penn—the christian, the philanthropist, the legislator, the first statesman who has demonstrated by experiment the omnipotence of the law of love—that eleventh commandment which includes all the other ten.

The Dutch colonists, too, always respected the rights of Indians. They purchased land from the savages by honest barter, and Andries Hudde purchased, in 1646, the soil of Fort Beversrede as honestly as Penn, 35 years later, extinguished the Indian title to the lands he bought by the treaty at Shackamaxon. Unworthy servants of the West India Company were sometimes guilty of wrong doing, but their orders were to do right.

Just a century before Wm. Penn received from Charles II. the patent which made him proprietor of Pennsylvania, in July, 1681, the States General of Holland published to the world a declaration of independence, in which the great doctrines of popular sovereignty are set forth in worthy words, to be maintained by worthy deeds—"Subjects are not created for the Prince, but the Prince for the subjects," who may always abjure allegiance to a bad sovereign. For sixty-seven years the Netherlands struggled against these successive sovereigns of Spain, until the resistance became effectual, and

civil and religious liberty, with toleration for all, became the birthright of every Dutchman. These liberties and freedom of conscience they carried to New Netherland, and both North and South River witnessed their plantings.

Did the stern military ideas of Stuyvesant lead him to punish *Brown* for being a Quaker, by sending him to Holland, the Home Government sent him back, with a stern rebuke to the Director-General. Jesuit missionaries were ransomed from the Mohawks by Calvinistic Dutchmen; *Megapolensis*, at the same time with the Jesuit *Jogues*, was striving to instruct the savages several years before *Eliot*, at Watertown and Dorchester.

The Waldenses fleeing from Savoy took refuge in Amsterdam. Cavaliers and Baptists fled from New England to Manhattan for protection and liberty of conscience. The minister and schoolmaster accompanied the emigrant, and in 1657 *Domine Everardus Welius*, with 400 Hollanders, settled at New Amstel. So great even then were the attractions of the Delaware, that 30 families left Manhattan and removed thither.

*Penn* founded everything anew. Coming to his new possessions with ample resources and numerous settlers, the city where we now commemorate his fame sprang to maturity more wonderfully than even the modern cities of the West. Old *Gabriel Thomas*, who lived fifteen years after in Philadelphia, and came over, as he says, in the year 1681—the ship's name was the *John and Sarah of London*, *Henry Smith*, commander—describes, with pride, the improvements of the place. “I saw,” says he, “the first cellar when it was digging for the use of our Governor, *William Penn*.” And he describes Philadelphia as having above 2000 noble houses in 1697. There are above 30 carts. “Some lots,” said he, “that might have been then purchased for three pounds, within the space of two years were sold for a hundred pounds a-piece; and these lots were first laid out within the compass of about twelve years.”

Within one year from its founding, your city contained nearly one hundred houses; at the end of two years, 2500 inhabitants. New Amsterdam had no such growth. In 1656, a survey by Capt. *Konyok* showed 120 houses and only 1000 souls, forty years after its settlement. In the same year, there were four clergymen of the Reformed Dutch Church in New Netherland; and I may mention, in passing, that in 1561 there were salt works at Coney Island, since so famous, where *Dick De Wolf* manufactured sea salt.

Manhattan suffered under the commercial thirst of the company which had established its colony for trade, and trade alone. Philadelphia, early set free from all unworthy shackles, and practising the holy precepts which her name implies, has won a name proudly eminent in letters, morals, and in arts. May I be permitted to propose a toast?

The present dwellers upon the Delaware, worthy descendants of the ancient settlers on the South River, have nobly trod the path of Empire which their forefathers pointed out.

MR. WM. RAWLE, in introducing the third volunteer toast, said :

After so many interesting toasts and so many eloquent and stirring addresses, it requires no small degree of courage to offer another toast, and still more to attempt to address this company; the more so, in my own case, as the duty which I understood had been assigned to me, has, as I have been informed a very short time ago, been changed and connected with different subjects.

No one, however, has reason to complain at being called upon to offer such a toast as that annexed to my name, and I have only to regret that it has not fallen into hands more capable of suddenly casting aside one subject and adopting another.

The State of Maryland, so closely connected with us by geographical position and mutual interest, may, like Pennsylvania, trace back her prosperity and happiness to the introduction of those principles which were implanted by her illustrious founder.

Lord Baltimore, the proprietary of a large and fruitful territory, divided into two parts by an immense inland sea, into whose bosom a thousand tri-

butaries empty themselves; bounded on one side by one magnificent river and intersected by another, headed his little band of colonists, and at St. Mary's planted the cross with all the ceremonies and solemnities of the most imposing form of religion known in the Christian world.

Penn, the proprietary of a territory more vast and abounding in greater resources, led his pilgrims to the shores which were to be the scene of his mission; plain, unadorned men, in all the plainness and simplicity of a new religion, which had sprung up under the auspices of a humble and unknown individual, which met with no favor or respect from the world, and which, until it was adopted by William Penn, numbered no man of worldly consequence as a member.

What points of sympathy or union could there be between Lord Baltimore and his colony and William Penn and his?—the Catholic and the Quaker.

Though the external symbol of the cross was not planted in the soil of Pennsylvania, it was deeply rooted in the breast of the founder.

Though the visible cross was upreared amidst all the magnificent ceremonies of the Catholic church, yet the pure and saving doctrines of Him who died upon the cross for the salvation of man, warmed the heart and enlightened the views of Baltimore.

The star of peace and happiness did not shine alone for the Catholic or the Quaker.

They acknowledged the right of all mankind to seek and enjoy its benign influences according to the dictates of their own consciences.

With opinions at variance in doctrine, and still more in forms and discipline, with temporal interests which had in them the elements of discord, they united in proclaiming to that portion of the new world which was theirs, universal religious freedom.

What could more emphatically illustrate the wisdom and the goodness of their characters?

In what manner could the value of the principles they inculcated be more beautifully illustrated than in the subsequent history of their respective provinces, now great and powerful States?

Some of the descendants of Lord Baltimore are still living in the land of their forefathers.

And we have the gratification of numbering among our guests, the representative of William Penn in the person of his great-grandson.

If the great-grandson of William Penn could carry his mind back to those primitive times when little of this great and flourishing State was reclaimed from the hand of the savage, and the dreary forests resounded with the howl of wild beasts—when the habitations of civilized man were confined to the narrow limits of the river shore—when habits and manners were plain and simple—when houses were deemed sufficient if they served to protect the indwellers from the stormy elements, and food and raiment were designed to supply actual wants—I say, if he could carry his mind back to those primitive times, and compare them with what he has seen since his short sojourn among us, he would be lost in admiration and wonder.

The narrow strip to which the sparse population of Pennsylvania was then confined, has been expanded to the utmost limit of its vast territory, and a population of between two and three millions is spread over its surface.

The trackless forest has given way to flourishing and populous towns, and innumerable and fertile farms, which spread prosperity and happiness every where.

Even the rugged mountains, which were considered worthless excrescences on the fair face of nature, teem with boundless wealth, brought into active operation by the hand of industry.

Our magnificent rivers, over which the painted Indian paddled his log canoe, now bear upon their bosoms, or through the canals they feed, an immense and rapidly increasing commerce.

And Philadelphia, what was it when visited by William Penn, little more than a century and a half ago, and what is it when visited by his great-grandson?

I shall not attempt a comparison, but I may be allowed to say that the caves, and few log cabins, and ill-constructed shanties which formed the habitations of the first settlers, have yielded to streets of palaces, and the busy marts of commerce.

The plain and simple manners and tastes of our forefathers have been driven out by luxury, elegance and refinement, which were then only known in the metropolitan cities of Europe.

Perhaps we have advanced too far and too fast in the path of luxury. But to me, at least, it is a source of pleasing reflection that some of the coloring of our ancestors still tinges our character.

We have been called the Quaker city, and a drab colored population.

I accept the appellations with pleasure, not as terms of derision in which sense they have been applied, but as highly complimentary and gratifying: for they imply that we have not entirely cast off those features of sobriety, simplicity, industry, and honesty which marked the character of our ancestors.

But perhaps I have been led to say too much of my honored native State.

This was natural at such a meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, as a member of which I take great interest in all its concerns.

This Society has done much good in rescuing from oblivion many important facts which otherwise would have been lost.

But it is not to herself alone that she is indebted for all the treasures she possesses.

It is a source of congratulation to the Historical Societies of every State that their sister States have felt the importance of forming them, and among them that of Maryland is not the least in importance and usefulness.

I regard Historical Societies in our respective States as having strong claims to encouragement and support.

They not only mutually assist each other in furthering the common objects of their creation, but they form a bond of union between the States themselves, now so loudly called for by every patriot, and so absolutely essential to our existence as a free, independent, and happy nation.

I cannot but reflect with horror upon the bare possibility of these pillars of our national edifice being broken and thrown down, and all that we hold dear involved in a common ruin.

I have endeavored very faintly to point out some of the blessings which have flowed from the adoption of the Christian policy of religious freedom in Pennsylvania.

The same picture of the same happy result may be painted of Maryland.

Look on her vast improvements, her railroads and canals, her beautiful city of hills and monuments—her happy, industrious, wealthy population, and who shall say that these gardens, like those of Pennsylvania, have not flourished under the fertilizing influence of the waters drawn from the well of religious liberty.

Permit me to offer as a toast:

*Maryland—Our Sister in the establishment of Religious Liberty in our land.*

MR. BRANTZ MAYER, of Baltimore, who was expected to reply to this sentiment, was unavoidably absent, but sent the following letter, which was appropriately prefaced with some brief remarks, and read by Mr. John Cadwalader,

*Letter from Brantz Mayer, of Baltimore.*

To Edward Armstrong, &c., a Committee of the Historical Society of Penn'a.

Gentlemen—The Maryland Historical Society received your invitation to elect and send one of its members as its representative at the festival you propose holding in memory of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania. At its last meeting our Society honored me with the appointment, and I am indeed sorry that I was not present, so as to enable the members to select some one else to perform this pleasant duty, inasmuch as a professional engagement will unavoidably take me elsewhere. You will not, however, fail, I hope, to convey

to your colleagues around the social board our Society's cordial thanks for this friendly remembrance. It will be a source of sorrow to our members that they were not represented as you desired on this occasion—even so feebly as they would have been by myself. Maryland and Pennsylvania have many common historical ties independently of their geographical union; our land was, indeed, an object of contention between the early proprietors; but when wars began our *people* went shoulder to shoulder through all their dangers, from the moment when our Chase, our Carroll and their colleagues signed the sacred declaration within that venerable Philadelphia Hall, which the whole world now considers consecrated to the great principle of National Independence.

It is true that certain worthy gentlemen, known in history as "Mason and Dixon," did actually venture, upon a memorable occasion, to "run a line" betwixt us; yet we all knew that those excellent persons, with all their skill, were never able to produce any other than a "*mathematical line*," which science defines to be length without breadth or thickness. Other more tangible lines have since crossed or welded us together. The iron road and the metallic wire pass it with permanent security, sending our people or their thoughts to and fro without hindrance. Nay, we have not only fought, travelled and traded together until our material interests are blended, but we have often gone "over the border" on tenderer and dearer forays, and many a Maryland and a Pennsylvania matron honors and adorns our interchanged homes.

Well, then, may Maryland send hearty greetings to your noble Keystone State, which has consolidated the arch of our Union. Calvert and Penn were the founders of literature among the forests of this western world, and from their noble plantings have sprung the national principles on whose progressive stability the hopes of freedom must repose.

Allow me, as an appropriate sentiment, to offer—The memory of these two illustrious men.

With great respect,

BRANTZ MAYER.

The fourth volunteer toast was:

*The Laborers in the Vineyard of American History.* Their efforts have been worthy of their theme.—Their theme would reward a Thucydides.

In reply to which the committee received the following from

MR. CHARLES J. INGERSOLL:

Dear Sir:—The tyranny of the press which by more than *peine forte et dure*, extorts speeches before their delivery, a Cæsarean operation to which I never will submit—fatal, let me tell you and all other nascent orators, to one of the best powers of our country, public speaking—and one of those violations of truth, a fraud, become habitual with the press—that tyranny, as I detest all tyrants, ought to make my consistency refuse the request of your note of the 24th inst. But as your humble servant I answer it, that while I had not put pen to paper, I did not go to the festival altogether without some cogitations, as well as I can recall them, as follows—

I happened that day to be again reading DeTocqueville's Democracy in America, where he writes, "America has till now had but a very small number of remarkable writers; she has no great historians—does not count one poet. The inhabitants regard literature, properly speaking, with a sort of disfavour. Third rate cities in Europe publish every year more literary works than the twenty-four States of the Union together."

This disparagement is not the ejaculation of any cockney itinerant, but of a learned foreigner admiring this country and disposed to extol its institutions. Why then his thirteenth edition of that contumely published in the year 1851? Because we Americans are false to ourselves. Not to go beyond history, who reads Ramsey's History of the Revolution, or Stanhope Smith's continuation of it to the Treaty of Ghent? or Marshall's Life of Washington? Certainly not one in ten thousand of those who dwell with delight on Macaulay's absurdities against Penn, nor one in twenty thousand of the doters on David Copperfield.

Then I had meditated some animadversions on Macaulay's pleasant, and if you please, charming, but false and foolish relations of bastard princes and strumpet duchesses and his despicable misrepresentation of Penn—the founder of a Commonwealth already greater than Scotland—a great conservative reformer of legislation, of jurisprudence, of Society, no red republican, but a pious and provident founder of free government on the Christian Religion.

I would have insisted that unless fiction and fiction be preferable to plain English and truth, Proud's History of Pennsylvania is a better book than Macaulay's History of England.

And with that assertion I intended to connect some notice of Stanhope Smith's continuation of Ramsey's history, an excellent narrative of important events, and as Dr. Smith was president of Princeton College while I was there, I would have said something of that exemplary divine, fine scholar, eloquent preacher, accomplished gentleman, like hundreds of others like him, totally eclipsed by inferior Europeans viewed through American eye-glasses.

Finally, as well as I remember, I would have quoted the recent article in the London Times, which says, that America seems determined to have a literature of her own, as well as other things, and that when Americans set about anything, they are very sure to effect it.

Some such effort at American independence in literature—"Let independence be our boast," you know is the chorus to Hail Columbia, would have been the tenor of my audacity.

I am, very sincerely, y'rs,

C. J. INGERSOLL.

Nov. 26, '52.

DR. A. L. ELWYN, introduced the following as the fifth volunteer toast:—

*The Army and Navy.*—Their battles have been those of Right; their triumphs those of Humanity; their glory is the glory of the country.

On an occasion like this, Mr. Chairman, when we come together to celebrate the advent on this continent of a man of Peace, a harangue upon the glory acquired in war by your citizens, can hardly be considered appropriate. It would be better left to the Hustings, to the vehemence of the stump, or the orgies of a Fourth of July.

But, Sir, on all and every occasion, under any and all circumstances, I presume an American is at liberty to show feeling, or even enthusiasm, when he speaks of those whose deeds have made his country famous—in whose glory he himself shares—by whose reputation he himself is honored. It would argue a low degree of patriotism, and a temperament somewhat too stoical, if a citizen of this country, could listen to the narration of the heroism of his fellow countrymen, without pride, or know that their conduct had given a new impulse to national greatness, without a feeling of triumph. It matters not how deep and strong his principles may be, which inculcate peace, forbearance, or toleration of wrong, even to non-resistance, his manly nature, and his love of his country, will stir every pulse, as report brings to him, and fame spreads far, the victories of his country. This is natural and not to be resisted, however, the heart may suppose itself steeled by indifference, or made cold and dead by the struggles of faction, and the animosity of political strife. But, Sir, our wars have not as yet been wars of ambition; no one man has brought them on us for self-elevation, or personal aggrandizement. They have been wars of defence, and not of aggression, wars ordered by the people, and carried through by the people. They have increased, too, the political wisdom of the world. In all past times, tyrants and oligarchies have made wars for their own particular ends, but we have told the world a secret, that a nation, and every man in that nation, will raise his arm in defence of a principle, and risk for it, in the chances of battle, his life and his fortune.

We have also shown the world, that roused by the occasion, our citizens, of their own will, "by just revenge inflamed," will not only enrol themselves, as the soldiers of their country, but calmly prepare for the terrible necessities, of battle, by a quiet submission to the stern severities of discipline. Such

men are patriots as well as soldiers, men of peace, and the gallant defenders of their country, men who, on this occasion, when we celebrate the landing of the great Friend and the Man of Peace, merit our praise and our grateful remembrance.

GEN. ROBT. PATTERSON, in replying to the toast said:—

It gives me great pleasure, Mr. President, to comply with the request of the committee of arrangement, and of the officers of the army present, in responding to this toast. I thank you, Sir, and the gentlemen of the Society, for the well-deserved compliment paid to the army and navy, and for the cordial manner in which the sentiment was received. There are, I believe, some gentlemen of the Navy present, who will do justice to that gallant arm of the service, and I will, therefore, in the few words I have to say, refer to the Army only.

While I could not, under any circumstances, fail to embrace the opportunity your kindness affords me, I do so the more readily, because I am no longer in the army. I can, without indelicacy, speak of my late companions as they deserve to be spoken of, and my testimony in their behalf, will at least, have the merit of being disinterested as coming from one, whose connexion with them is severed forever.

You have truly said, Sir, that "their battles have been those of right." I believe with you, that every war in which our country has been engaged, from the war of the revolution to that with Mexico, has been a just and righteous war, and I rejoice, that a body of gentlemen who form no opinion lightly or inconsiderately, deliberately affirm the fact. But for this, the army can claim no credit. The honor of being right, rests with the distinguished men who composed the administration of the general government when war was declared. The soldier, it is true, will fight with a stouter heart and stronger arm, when fully confident of the justice of his cause, but it is not for him to question the authority which sends him to the field.

It is equally true, and here, Sir, the glory is all their own, that "their triumphs" have invariably been "those of humanity." With them, victory has ever been crowned by mercy, and no outrage on a vanquished foe has tarnished their renown or sullied a page of their country's history.

In the campaigns on both lines in Mexico, from the accomplished commander-in-chief down to the recruit of the occasion, a common determination pervaded the army to respect the rights and protect the persons and property of the conquered enemy. That army governed, people hailed the advent of the American army, because of the protection it afforded them from the rapacity of their own, retiring to rest at night and going forth to their daily labor in the morning with a sense of security never enjoyed before or since.

It must be to you, gentlemen, and to every American, a source of proud reflection, that your little army of veteran regulars and gallant volunteers carried your young flag from battle-field to battle-field always in victory, and from the day it landed at Corpus Christi until it left the shores of the enemy's country, unstained by a single act of oppression or inhumanity.

The army has faithfully and gallantly defended the rights and upheld the honor of the nation. I ask you, gentlemen, to unite in protecting it from ungenerous assault and the possibility of injudicious legislation. I do so, because the opinion is gaining currency, and to some extent in high places, that a regular army is unnecessary in time of peace. If this mischievous theory shall ever be carried into practical effect, its results will teach the country a costly lesson. The present regular army is indispensable for border service and frontier protection, and is barely sufficient for those purposes. At this moment, to protect the South Western frontier, and prevent an Indian war, the government has been compelled to leave with scarcely a guard, many posts on the seaboard, costing millions to construct, and of the last importance in the event of a war with a maritime power. This occurs, too, when the intervention of a military force may at any moment become necessary to strengthen the arm of civil power in arresting the profligate schemes of those

who, in reckless disregard of solemn national obligations, as well as of the rights and feelings of a people among our earliest and most constant friends, and for purposes purely and exclusively selfish and sinister, seek an occasion for entailing on the country the horrors and crimes of an unnecessary and unjust war.

Every officer, regular or volunteer, who has served in the field, will, I think, concur with me, that a good well-disciplined army is essential as a nucleus, on which in war, new regulars and volunteers may form, and that the requirements of the country are fully met, in what we now have and ought to keep, the best army of its size in the world, with officers of the line of the highest order of professional ability, and a well organized general staff, including an admirably selected body of medical gentlemen, and an engineer corps, perhaps unequalled, certainly unsurpassed in any other service.

To such an army, and to such volunteers as we had in the war with Mexico, and will have again, when occasion may require, the honor of the country may safely be confided.

MR. JOHN M. READ, proposed the following as the sixth volunteer toast:—  
*The Press.—The Sword and Shield of Truth and Freedom.*

Prefacing the sentiment with the following remarks, he said:—

A Free Press can only exist in a Free Country, and even there, it must be secured from unjust persecution by the intervention of a popular tribunal: I mean, the trial by Jury. This is its shield. When thus protected in its free discussion of the Government, and of the laws—of public measures and public men, and of the different branches of the administration, whether executive, legislative, or judicial, the press becomes in its turn, the sword and shield of truth and freedom.

Yet the trial by jury in criminal cases, is but a mockery, unless that tribunal is free in the exercise of its legal powers, to declare those innocent whom its members believe to be so. This has always been the law of Pennsylvania, and to its founder William Penn, is due the praise of having established it as the settled doctrine of England and America.

Where there is no preliminary license to print, the mode of attacking the press is by information or indictment, and if the just powers of the jury can be usurped by the Judge, who is a permanent officer of the government, it can be as successfully muzzled as in a despotism, where it lives on the will of one man.

By the English law, a jury always had an undisputed right to find a general verdict in criminal cases of guilty or not guilty, and if they acquitted the prisoner, no power known to the constitution could revise or reverse its decision. This principle was boldly proclaimed by Col. Libburne, in the times of the Commonwealth, and secured his acquittal; and in the reign of Charles II., two Quakers as they are styled, Penn and Mead, contended for the same doctrine, and succeeded, for Bushell's case which grew out of it, solemnly decided, that the jury had a clear and undoubted right to find a general verdict, and that they could neither be imprisoned, nor fined, nor questioned, for its exercise.

William Penn came to America, bringing with him this sacred portion of the English law, and his earliest acts of government, recognize it as one of the foundations upon which he rested the future prosperity of his settlement. According to this well settled constitutional principle, the jury in criminal cases are the judges of the law and the facts, and Andrew Hamilton, the celebrated Philadelphia lawyer, stated it as an unquestioned rule of law, in the Provincial Supreme Court of New York, in the case of Peter Zerger; for his services in which case, he received the thanks of the corporation of New York, and the freedom of the city.

“Trial by jury shall be as heretofore,” say all the Constitutions of this State, and our present one adds, “and the right thereof shall remain inviolate.”

This clause of the constitution has never, in this point, been disregarded or evaded by any Pennsylvania Judge; and I am certain never will be; for those high stations will always be filled by men too deeply imbued with the principles of civil liberty, to wish to encroach upon the settled rights of the tribunal of the people.

In England, the same doctrine confirmed in the case of the seven Bishops, remained undisturbed until about the year 1729, when in indictments for libel, a contrary rule was adopted by the judges, in spite of the arguments of Camden and the eloquence of Erskine, which gave rise to Mr. Fox's libel act, which restored the old law, putting libel on the same footing with all other criminal cases. All the English Judges from the time of Lord Ellenborough, have treated this as simply a declaratory act of what the law was, and not as enunciating any new principle.

The law of England is therefore exactly the same as the law of Pennsylvania on this subject, as declared by the judges of both countries. Such also has at all times been the law of Scotland.

There is one other point intimately connected with the freedom of the press, I mean the freedom of elections, upon which head, not only Pennsylvania, but the United States, (and I hope England *soon will*,) owe a lasting debt of gratitude to William Penn.

The vote by ballot had been practised in the latter days of the Roman Republic, but was disapproved of by Cicero, because the vote of the plebeians was thus made secret, and was not known to the patricians. It had been introduced in a modified form in the Republic of Venice, and was advocated by Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor of Henry the Eighth, in his Utopia. The same method of elections, forms a part of the scheme of polity traced out by Sir John Harrington, in his Oceana; but it was reserved for William Penn, solemnly to adopt it as a fundamental principle in his Frame of Government, as the best preservative of the purity of elections, and of the civil and religious liberty which he had planted in our favored soil.

Our revolutionary fathers incorporated this principle of the secret ballot into our earliest constitution and by immediate legislative enactment, carried out the principle of inviolable secrecy to its utmost extent

The Constitution of Pennsylvania has in the fewest possible words, marked out the distinction between secret and open voting, and has extended the former to all cases of election "except those by persons in their representative capacities who shall vote *viva voce*."

This principle of vote by ballot prevails almost universally in the United States, and in many of them is secured by constitutional provisions. In two States, where the vote was formerly an open one, the method of the secret ballot has been introduced within the last two years, with entire success; and even England has allowed it in one of her dependencies, the Ionian Republic; and the dreadful scenes of bribery, corruption, and intimidation, which attend every election of members of Parliament, are paving the way for the introduction of William Penn's sovereign remedy, the ballot-box, into the country of his birth.

These two great popular powers; trial by jury, and the vote by ballot, secure the freedom of the press, which in return, must cover them with its shield, whilst it uses its sword to cut down all those enemies of liberty, who would lay their sacrilegious hands upon either or both of these pillars of our free constitution.

MR. MORTON McMICHAEL responded to the sentiment of Mr. Read, as follows:—

MR. President: The whole company, I am sure, is under obligations to the distinguished gentleman who has just addressed us, for his excellent and eloquent exposition of the services rendered by our illustrious founder, to the cause of free speech and free writing; and it is especially my duty, to acknowledge that obligation in behalf of the newspaper press which I am called upon to represent.

Undoubtedly, Mr. President, the public press of this country is a most potent instrumentality, either for good or for evil, as it may happen to be directed. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, now that steam has brought us into almost daily communication with continents, separated from us by intervening oceans; and information of all kinds, whether foreign or domestic,

"hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,"

travels with a speed, outstripping even the lightning. It is a matter of such common occurrence, as no longer to excite special remark, that tidings of European affairs, but little more than a week old, are read and discussed at the same moment by the fish merchant of Halifax and the cotton broker of New Orleans; and the period will soon arrive when whatever transpires in London, or Paris, or Vienna, or St. Petersburg, or Constantinople, or any of the leading capitals of the old world, will, within a few hours, be made the subject of commentary, perhaps of controversy, in every considerable village from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande.

Already, indeed, so far as relates to the diffusion of intelligence, the prayer of the enthusiastic lover has been realized, and both time and space have been practically annihilated on the land; and the far down depths of the surging sea, inaccessible to man's approach, and heretofore unmanageable by man's skill, are beginning to yield to the magnetic—may we not say magical— influences of the sub-marine telegraph. In an age of marvels like these—with such facilities for the interchange of thought—among a people able to read, and addicted to reading, to whom newspapers are supplied at every cross-road, the power of the press cannot be easily over-estimated.

I wish I could truthfully say, Sir, that this power is always applied to wise and wholesome ends. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that the reverse is too frequently the case. Occupying a territorial domain, which, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, includes every variety of soil, and climate, and production, and embraces within its yet undefined borders, men of all nations, conditions, classes, pursuits, sects and creeds—among whom every doctrine, however absurd, has its advocates; every practice, however dangerous, its defenders; every scheme, however wild or wicked, its champions; and with the public sentiment, which controls the law, opposing but few barriers to the most unlimited, nay, the most licentious expressions of opinion, it is inevitable that in some of its parts, the press of the United States should be occasionally disfigured by crude suggestions, and erroneous ideas, and impracticable theories, and visionary speculations, and false and pernicious teachings. Nor is this the worst. In some of the larger cities, where any one, too indolent to obtain the means of support by proper exertion, whose malignities prompt, or whose necessities require him to earn his daily bread by making of his life a daily lie—any one who can buy, or borrow, or beg, or steal a ream of paper, and procure the use of a case of types, can set up what he calls a newspaper, and give to it a miserable existence, a sort of "death in life," by pandering to evil passions; by ministering to brutal appetites; by seeking to gratify low, and coarse, and perverted tastes; by envy and malice and all uncharitableness; by lewdness, and calumny, and filthy abuse; by hiring himself and his pen and his press, to perform any service, no matter how base, for any wages, no matter how small; by coaxing a dollar to-day from some poor creature covetous of praise, though the breath that bestows it is so foul that decent men turn from it in disgust; by extorting a dollar to-morrow from some timid wrong-doer, whose misdeeds he threatens to proclaim; by becoming in turn a mendicant, a parasite, a bully, and remaining always the miscreant which nature made him; by filling the streets with libellous and obscene sheets, that destroy the peace of families, and corrupt the manners of youth, and offend the morals of the community; there are such, Sir, who, like the hateful progeny of Sin and Death,

"A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark  
With wide Cerberian mouths, full loud, and ring  
A hideous peal."

But, I thank God, Mr. President, these, and such as these, are but excrescences on the great body of the American press, which, though odious and offensive to its healthier members, cannot disturb the pulsations of its mighty heart, nor cripple the energies of its indomitable arm, nor impair the vigor of its teeming brain. With due respect for the learned professions which embody, as I cheerfully own, so much valuable erudition and practical wisdom and high intellectual attainment, I do not hesitate to affirm that the conductors of the newspaper press, relatively to numbers, comprise as many men of scholastic acquirements joined to superior natural gifts, whose knowledge is as ample and varied, whose judgments are as well informed by observation and experience, whose sagacities are as thoroughly sharpened by constant exercise, and whose walk and conversation are as pure and upright, as can be found in any or all of them; and I am proud of the order to which I belong, because, in my inmost conscience, I believe, that by far the larger portion of those who compose it, however they may disagree as to means, are—each in his own sphere, and according to the measure of his ability—laboring earnestly and faithfully to fulfil the trusts confided to them, namely to assist in cultivating the minds, and improving the affections, and advancing the fortunes, and shaping the social and political destinies of twenty-three millions of freemen.

In a confederacy like ours, Mr. President, formed of numerous sovereignties, with distinct, and often conflicting interests, there can be no common centre where public opinion may be formed, and from which it may radiate. Washington can never be to the Union, what, in this respect, London is to Great Britain, or Paris to France; and hence, there can never grow up with us, any single journal or any number of journals in a particular locality, of such commanding power and influence as to give tone and direction to all others elsewhere. New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston, and Baltimore, and the growing cities of the South and West, must continue to speak, as they have heretofore spoken, through their own immediate organs. But while we shall not have—nor is it desirable that we should have—any great overshadowing metropolitan agency, such as that to which I have adverted, as the country moves forward on its path of prosperity, developing its resources, increasing its wealth, enlarging its population, extending its boundaries, advancing in mental and moral and religious culture, in civilization, in refinement, and in the arts, it cannot be doubted that the press generally will move with equal pace, and, freed from the infirmities which now impair its usefulness,—disdaining to register the strifes, and echo the lamentations of those who control it, but becoming, as it should be, wholly impersonal, and dedicating itself to the honorable and useful aims for which it was instituted, will constitute an infinite chorus of voices, differing in volume and sound, some rising to the loftiest realms of utterance, others subsiding to the softest cadences, but all instinct with a common spirit, and all swelling and mingling together in one grand strain of onward, forever onward, Humanity, Christianity, Liberty, and Rational Progress.

The seventh volunteer toast was—

*New Jersey*, who early established those principles in Council for which she so bravely fought on the glorious fields of Princeton, Trenton and Monmouth.

MR. EDWARD ARMSTRONG, in introducing it, said—

I am sure, sir, that all present must feel a common disappointment in the absence of the distinguished gentleman from New Jersey, (Judge Hornblower,) who, it was to have been hoped would have responded in behalf of our sister Historical Societies. We, however, must not in his absence forget his native State—*our sister*—New Jersey, and to whom with so much justice we can apply this designation, endeared to us as she is by so many incidents in her early annals, by so many social ties, by so many social interests, and by the sacrifices and the glories of a common revolutionary struggle. It was for her our revered founder first tried his skill in statesmanship, and framed his earliest

constitution, the embodiment of all that was comprehensive, liberal and sagacious. Indeed, sir, but for the interest he felt and which he never ceased to feel in the welfare of the State whose constitution he thus drew, it would not be idle to conjecture that the knowledge might never have been derived of that rich territory which lay to her westward—of our own beloved Pennsylvania, so that but for New Jersey, we might not have been here this day to recount and cherish those priceless legacies,—our founder's treasured memory, his virtuous deeds, his benignant policy, his noble constitution, his wise laws. The patriotic position which New Jersey assumed during the revolutionary conflict, was no more the impulse of the moment, than that struggle was the offspring of the hour, instead of the fruition of a century. It would be folly to suppose that men who had fled from religious and political intolerance, who had been all their lives accustomed to mark well the boundary between prerogative and freedom, who had been trained to scan the phraseology of every statute, the effect of every royal veto, lest some latent tyranny might lie concealed, who in governing themselves had felt the skill, the courage, and decision which self-reliance always imparts, were not willing and instant to defeat the first weak attempts at coercion, or to perceive the issues which submission or resistance might involve. And we are this day reminded upon how early an occasion New Jersey promulgated those principles in her council chambers which she afterwards asserted with the sword. "It were a madness," said, in 1680, the patriots of New Jersey, "to leave a free, good and improved country to plant in a wilderness, and there adventure many thousands of pounds to give an absolute title to another person to tax us at will and pleasure." What mortal can estimate the influence of truths so early, so boldly, so wisely uttered. And let it never be forgotten that the principles New Jersey so fearlessly asserted in the hour of peace, she sustained in that of bloody trial—upon those fields so fruitful of pride, and joy, and gratitude, so dear to us, and which will be so much dearer to posterity—which turned the tide of war—which revived the almost perished hopes of a nation, and were blessed by the God of battles, to the political salvation of a great people. "Let there be light," said the Divine author of all goodness, and "there was light;" but a decree no less irreversible went forth in the dying roar of the last cannonade at Princeton. It was, "let there be liberty," and there was liberty.

JUDGE HORNBLOWER of New Jersey, was to have spoken in response, but not being able to be present in person, he sent the following letter :

NEW JERSEY, Friday evening, Nov. 5, 1852

Gentlemen:—At the request of the Corresponding Secretary and members of the Executive Committee of the New Jersey Historical Society, I consented to be its representative at your ensuing anniversary celebration of the landing of Wm. Penn at Chester. In the hope of being your guest on that interesting and social occasion, I have anticipated much pleasure, and thought it might constitute *one* item in my own unimportant "history," that I had represented New Jersey at such a meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. But, alas! I find myself doomed to a disappointment. Within a few days past, I have been attacked with the influenza, accompanied with a violent catarrh; and I know, from long experience, that there is not the least prospect of my recovery in time to enable me, with any personal comfort or satisfaction, to mingle with you in your social and intellectual enjoyments on Monday next.

It is now too late for me to make the necessary arrangements to procure the attendance of any other officer or member of our Society to meet with you. If, at your festive board, you shall adopt the practice of exchanging sentiments, please, in my behalf, as President of the New Jersey Historical Society, give the one inscribed below. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Jos. C. HORNBLOWER,  
In the 76th year of his age.

George Northrop, Edw. Armstrong, Townsend Ward, and Jno. Jordan, Jr., Esqs., Com'tee, &c.

*The States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey*, inseparably connected with each other by their geographical boundaries, may our united efforts to preserve their provincial and subsequent histories constitute a record truthful and just to our ancestors, and instructive to future generations.

The eighth and last volunteer toast was—

*The Memory of the Deceased Members of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.* As well the ornaments as the aids of history—may history cherish their remembrance.

MR. RICHARD VAUX, in responding, said—

MR. PRESIDENT,

It is with regret I undertake the duty assigned me. The dirge is no agreeable performance. The brilliant display of classic lore and historic research, enlivened by the incidents of this evening, give reality to the contrast of this duty, or its attempted execution.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not in vain the lamented members of this Society labored. Its founders regarded the objects of their association as enjoined by a sense of justice to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Her position as the Keystone State demanded the elimination of her historical character. While sister sovereignties flaunted their historic records, the silence of Pennsylvania was considered as an illation derogatory to the patriotism and just State pride of her sons. Tardily this Society has vindicated both.

It may not be unworthy of note, that the original idea of the founders was to call their association, “The Society of the Sons of the Soil.” Many were the consultations on this point. There is present now, one at least, who remembers this fact. Dr. Coates, one of the founders of this Society, remembers the occasion, when it was determined to adopt the present designation, “The Historical Society of Pennsylvania.”

This incident is a key to the true intents of the earliest members. To delve into the past of Pennsylvania, to rescue from forgetfulness the history of a State, of a soil, which will compare with that of any other community, and gain in the comparison.

Yes, sir! a State whose “unbroken faith”—whose solemn compact, ratified without forms, and held inviolate—a State whose escutcheon has never been sullied by fraud, or tarnished by wrong—a State that has liberated education, ameliorated jurisprudence—christianized sectarianism, and nourished “Virtue, Liberty and Independence,” has a history, worthy of an eternal life.

Those of the departed members of this Society, whose memories your toast re-encircles with the wreath of remembrance, have not labored in vain.

They opened the field of a glorious past, for the honest enquirer, and enlightened student, and worthy son of the soil of Pennsylvania. The original laborers were few. Now they are many. The great ability, the historic learning which have enriched this evening’s proceedings, attest the value of the first efforts of those, we now commemorate.

They did not labor in vain. Year by year, as the benefits of this Society are made manifest—its objects realized—its ends consummated: when Pennsylvania shall be by her history, confirmed in her position as the Keystone of the Arch on which our nationality securely rests: each such epoch will itself establish the just claim of the founders of this Society, to the gratitude of the people of Pennsylvania.



## LETTERS.

*The following letters were received in answer to those of the Committee on Invitations.*

*Near Seaford, Del., October 23, 1852,*

**GENTLEMEN,**

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 11th inst., inviting me to "the celebration of the anniversary of the landing of Penn, at Chester, on the 8th day of November next. I sincerely regret that engagements of the most urgent character, at home, precludes the possibility of my being with you on an occasion of such deep interest alike to the citizens of Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Very Respectfully,

Your obdt. servt.,

To GEO. NORTHROP, Esq., and others com.

W. H. Ross.

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*Philadelphia, October 25, 1852.*

**MY DEAR SIRS,**

I have received the invitation which you have been so good as to give me, to become one of the guests of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, at the celebration of the approaching "Anniversary of the landing of Penn."

It will gratify me to be present among the auditors of the oration; but it will not be in my power to partake of the hospitality of the Society at their dinner, on the occasion.

Accept for yourselves my thanks for the compliment, which you have paid me, and believe me,

Kindly and respectfully yours,

W. J. DUANE.

TOWNSEND WARD, JOHN JORDAN, Jr., EDWARD ARMSTRONG, Esqs.

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*Newark, N. J., November 2, 1852.*

**GENTLEMEN,**

The venerable President of our Historical Society has informed me that, in a letter recently written in reply to your invitation to participate in the contemplated commemoration of the 8th inst., he intimated to you the probability that I would represent the society on that occasion. I regret that I am obliged to deny myself the satisfaction of so doing; my presence on that day being required by a literary association here, with which I am connected; but the society will be better represented, undoubtedly, by the President himself.

It would give me great pleasure to join in celebrating the landing at Newcastle, for, as a Jerseyman, I feel that to me, of right—as well as to you of Pennsylvania—belongs a share in the inheritance of the name and fame, the character and deeds of William Penn. In fact, I think we, of New Jersey, may rightfully claim the larger portion, as it is generally understood, that the pecuniary interest which Penn first acquired in our quarter, led to his subsequent acquaintance with the capabilities and advantages of the region which now perpetuates his name.

Penn's attachment to New Jersey appears never to have varied. From the time that he wrote to his friends and brethren—"that there *is* such a province as New Jersey is certain"—he seems always to have entertained a high opinion of the country; and the fact that William Penn, on taking a survey of the land, "said he had never seen such before in his life"—was carefully transmitted to the friends of the province in England, to increase their faith in its capabilities and encourage their exertions for its settlement; and his proprietary rights were not parted with during his life.

It is an interesting circumstance that *events in New Jersey* should have led to the assertion for the first time—and that by Wm. Penn, or under his direction—of the rights of the colonies to representation as a prerequisite to taxation. “The English right of common assent to taxes,” and that “the king cannot justly take his subject’s goods without their consent,” are doctrines promulgated in connection with the measures taken for the revocation of the duty imposed in 1680 upon importations into West Jersey. “It were a madness,” says the interesting document put forth by the Quakers of that day, “to leave a free, good, and improved country, to plant in a wilderness, and there adventure many thousands of pounds to give an absolute title to another person to tax us at will and pleasure.” It will ever be one proof of the consistency of Penn’s character that, while thus prompt in repelling wrong and oppression, he was equally ready to regard the just rights of others: and it was probably, in a great degree owing to *his* example, that New Jersey, in all that relates to her intercourse with the aborigines, can proudly take her stand by the side of Pennsylvania, bearing as her mark of distinction, the title of “the great arbiter, or doer of justice,” accorded in 1769 by the Indians themselves.

But it is unnecessary to refer at greater length to Penn’s connection with New Jersey; it is well known, and I must apologize for what I have already written—pleading, in extenuation, that interest which *all* Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians should take in every thing relating to his life and character.

Very respectfully yours,  
W. A. WHITEHEAD.

GEO. NORTHROP, EDWARD ARMSTRONG, Esqrs., and others, Committee, &c.

—  
Pittsburgh, November 5, 1852.

GENTLEMEN,

I have delayed my reply to this late hour, with the hope that I might be enabled to accept the polite invitation conveyed to me by your letter of the 8th ultimo., and to participate with you and the society, which you represent, in the pleasures of the celebration of the landing of that wise and good man, William Penn, on our shores. My long absence from home during the spring, summer and fall, has crowded upon me, in a brief space of time, the amount of business which otherwise would have been spread over several months, and thus forbids my visit to your city at this time.

Permit me to remark that we, of this portion of western Pennsylvania, have reason to remember with affection, and to honor the memory, not of William Penn alone, but of his descendant John, who, 1774, displayed much zeal, firmness and sound judgment, in maintaining the chartered limits of Pennsylvania against the insolent pretensions of Lord Dunmore. Permit me, therefore, through you, to tender to your assembled friends the following tribute to that man, who, by his knowledge of the geography of the country, and his wisdom and firmness, contributed greatly to the extension of the western boundary, so as to include the head and a considerable portion of the course of the Ohio.

While we duly honor and esteem the memory of that good man who made our land, the field for the dissemination of his generous and noble principles, let us not forget his descendant, John Penn, who, by his firmness, good sense, and frank diplomacy, aided in securing, for the spread of those principles, an area extending from the Delaware to the Ohio.

I remain, gentlemen, with sincere respect,

Your obdt. servt.,  
NEVILLE B. CRAIG.

TO MESSRS. GEORGE NORTHROP, EDWARD ARMSTRONG, JOHN JORDAN, JR., TOWNSEND WARD, Committee.

## GENTLEMEN

I have just received your favor announcing the contemplated celebration of Penn's Landing. It would give me great pleasure to participate in such a commemoration; but a tour of duty carries me to the northern part of the State about that time, and will not permit me to return till after your appointed day. Be pleased to accept my thanks for your courtesy and believe me

Very sincerely yours  
ALONZO POTTER.

Walnut str. 146, Tuesday Evening.

Baltimore, October 27, 1852.

## GENTLEMEN,

Your kind invitation to a representation of this association, to attend the anniversary meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, to celebrate the landing of Penn, has been received. But as this Society does not meet until the 4th of November next, it will not be in my power to submit your letter until then, when it will, no doubt, receive the cordial acknowledgments, to which it is so justly entitled.

In the mean time I have the honor to be with the highest respect,

Your obedient servant  
J. SPEAR SMITH.

MESSRS. GEO. NORTHRUP, ED. ARMSTRONG, JOHN JORDAN. Committee.

## GENTLEMEN.

Your letter of the 11th instant, inviting me to the oration and dinner, commemorative of the Landing of William Penn, was not received until after my return from Pittsburgh on the 23d of October, or it would have commanded an earlier reply.

I regret exceedingly that circumstances will put it out of my power to join in the proposed celebration.

Wishing you every enjoyment on the occasion,

I am, Gentlemen, truly and most respectfully yours,  
G. M. DALLAS.

October 25, 1852.

To GEORGE NORTHRUP, JOHN JORDAN JUN., THOS. S. MITCHELL, EDWARD ARMSTRONG, and THOMAS BIDDLE JUN., Committee of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

[*The following is from the last survivor of Lee's Legion of the Revolutionary War.*]

Haddonfield, October 29, 1852.

## GENTLEMEN,

I have the honor to acknowledge your polite invitation to celebrate the anniversary of the landing of Wm. Penn. It would be exceedingly gratifying to me to join with you on that pleasing occasion. But age admonishes me that "there is no place like home."

Very respectfully,  
J. A. B. COOPER.

To GEO. NORTHRUP, JOHN JORDAN, TOWNSEND WARD.

*Washington, October 27, 1852.*

**GENTLEMEN,**

I have just received your letter of the 7th instant, by which you honor me with an invitation to the annual oration and dinner, commemorating the landing of Penn at Chester, on the 8th November, proximo.

It is with deep regret I am constrained from a sense of duty, in connection with my official position, to decline an invitation which, under ordinary circumstances, I would most gladly accept; but having been absent from my post for some weeks during the present autumn, it does not seem proper that I should take to myself more time, so near the occasion of the meeting of congress, at a period when my engagements are very pressing.

My warmest sympathies will be with you at a time when I would be happy to be personally present to form new, and renew old acquaintance among those whose love for our native state they manifest by an annual festival in honor of her immortal founder, whose name should be reverenced, and whose character should be held up for imitation, while the example of good men of past days may be supposed to exercise an influence on those of the time being. Highly appreciating the honor conferred upon me,

I am, gentlemen,

Your very obdt. servt.,

**Jos. C. G. KENNEDY.**

**MESSRS. GEORGE NORTHRUP, JOHN JORDAN, JR., EDWARD ARMSTRONG,  
TOWNSEND WARD.**

Committee of arrangements of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia.

*Wilkesbarre, October 20, 1852.*

**GENTLEMEN,**

Your favor of the 7th was not received until to-day. I hasten to tender you my most respectful acknowledgements for your polite invitation.

To participate in "the celebration of the anniversary of the landing of Penn at Chester," would be to me a rare pleasure, but it is out of my power.

With more than Roman—with a Christian spirit he sought

"To civilize the rude unpolished world,  
And lay it under the restraints of laws:  
To make man mild and sociable with man,  
And cultivate the wild licentious savage."

That the boldness and magnitude of the undertaking were fully equalled by the wisdom and perseverance displayed in its execution, is attested by the unsurpassed prosperity and happiness this day enjoyed by two millions of inhabitants in Pennsylvania.

It was, indeed, in a super-eminent degree, the auspicious lot of William Penn

"To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land."

And I cherish the pleasing hope that the descendant of our great law-giver, now on a visit to America, will be present, and the memory of the illustrious dead be honored by the cordial welcome of the living.

With great respect, gentlemen,

Your friend and servant,

**CHARLES MINER.**

**TO GEORGE NORTHRUP, EDWARD. ARMSTRONG, JOHN JORDAN, JR., TOWNSEND  
WARD, Esqrs.**



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